

HIT PARADER

35 CENTS

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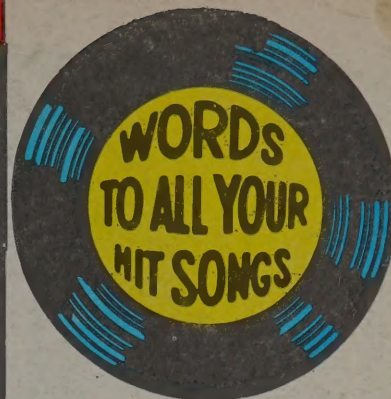
A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

JUNE

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
"The Otis Redding I Knew"

A TOUCHING TRIBUTE BY STEVE CROPPER

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• MUSIC SPOTLIGHT •



PHONEY MONKEE FACTS

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a
STONE
at
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GROOVIN' WITH
MORE
RASCALS
HISTORY!

IMPRESSIONS
OF DYLAN by
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SINCE YOU'VE BEEN GONE
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SCARBOROUGH FAIR
★
CRY LIKE A BABY
★
HEY HEY BUNNIE
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IF YOU CAN WANT
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UP TO MY NECK IN
HIGH MUDDY WATERS
★
THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER
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THAT'S A LIE
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MAYBE JUST TODAY
★
TEN COMMANDMENTS
OF LOVE
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I'M GONNA MAKE YOU
LOVE ME
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COUNTRY GIRL - CITY MAN
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WILL YOU LOVE ME
TOMORROW
★
LOVEY DOVEY
★
MEN ARE GETTIN' SCARCE
★
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★
WALK AWAY RENEE
★
TOO MUCH TALK
★
GOT WHAT YOU NEED
★
IN THE MIDNIGHT HOUR
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JEALOUS LOVE
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VALLERI

• GRANNY'S GOSSIP •

• SHOPPING BAG •

• PLATTER CHATTER •

• THE SCENE •

INTERVIEW WITH MARTHA & THE VANDALLAS
The BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD Beginning

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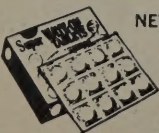
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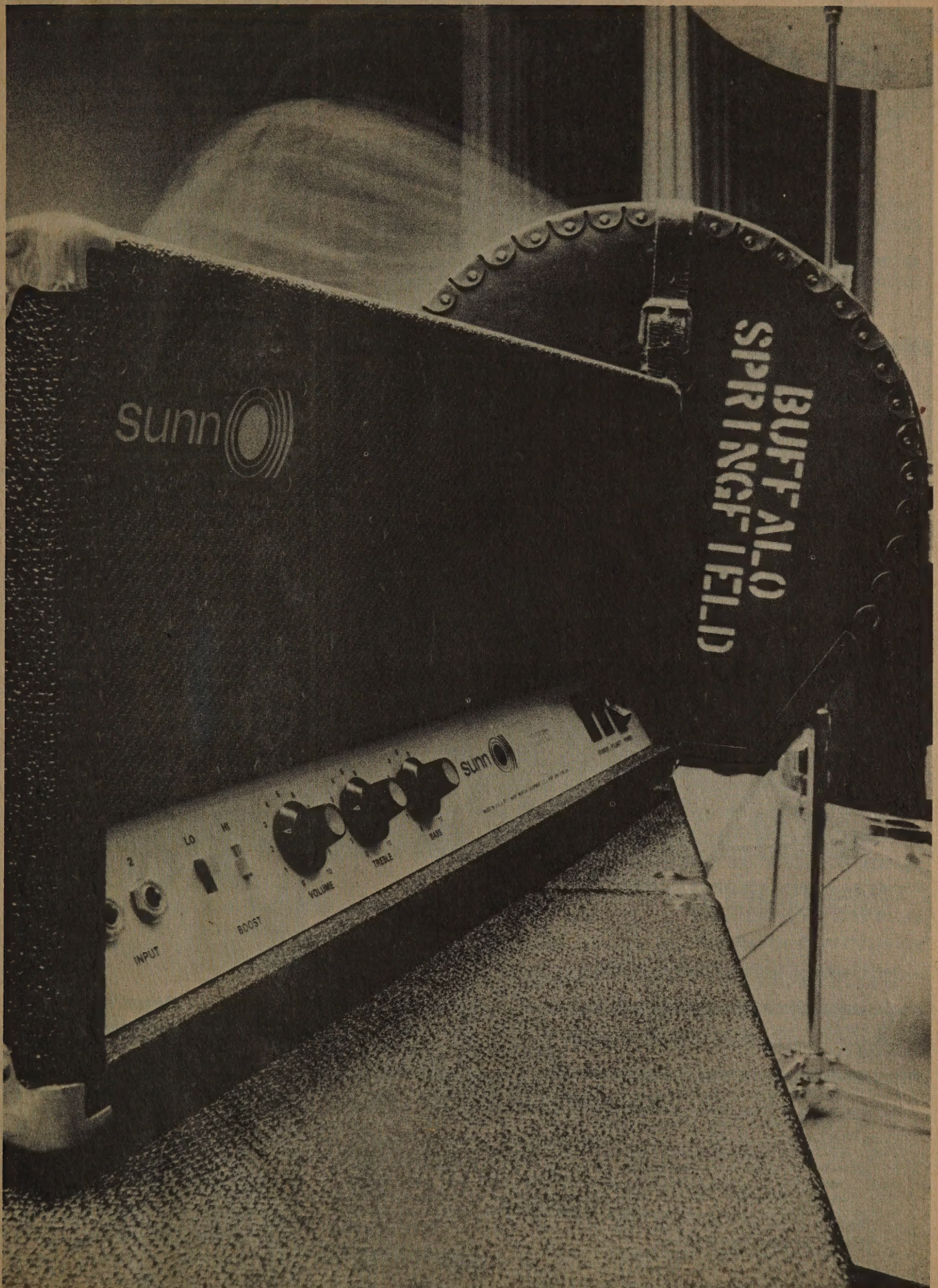
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JUNE 1968

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

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By Aretha Franklin

•CAB DRIVER



By The Mills Bros.

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ON PAGE 28**

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THE SCENE/Valley Of The Garbage

Garbage, garbage everywhere. New Yorkers carrying it in their pockets, stuffing their suitcases, their closets, their bureau drawers - saving it, collecting it, moving it from place to place. It flowed in the gutters, parked overtime on the parking meters and got tickets, and since there was a parking garbage strike, the city filled the empty garages with garbage. Warehouses of garbage, garbage garages.

Then there was a transit strike, so the garbage went underground and took over the subways and lived secretly to reproduce in the deep dark tunnels. Then it went upstate and took over the electric power plant because it needed electricity to survive. In the city it absorbed water and caused a water shortage. The humans moved to the suburbs.

Then garbage got organized. The mayor, who decided to go down with the ship, tried to bargain with the garbage. But, as anyone knows, garbage won't bargain. It's all or nothing. Garbage is very selfish. "You can't push us around," said garbage to the giant tractor plows.

And so it came to pass that garbage had it made. But it wasn't long before it had internal problems. Jewish garbage, Negro garbage, Irish garbage, Puerto Rican garbage and Italian garbage found differences in each other - accents, color, creed and such. Sayings like, "Would you let your daughter marry one" and "Boy, they sure can dance" were whispered from garbage to garbage. Rich garbage took over 5th Avenue and ethnic garbage moved into their respective slums. There were no sanitation problems because garbage didn't care.

That's when hippie garbage took over

the lower East side and called the Establishment "plastic garbage." Psychedelic garbage became the popular music, "Valley Of The Garbage" was the best selling book. Alan Burke invited garbage into his living room. And rush hour...whew, forget it. It really got out of hand.

But that was nothing. This all happened during the winter. Spring came and then the hot summer sun. You know what the hot sun does to garbage. Well, we won't go into detail.

One day in July, Manhattan began to sink. It was every garbage for himself. As it slowly sank into the murky, warm water some die-hard garbage played king of the mountain on top of the Empire State building. As the TV tower went down, a few banana peels, apple cores and chicken necks fought for their lives on the lofty perch. But it disappeared with a final bubbly eruption and fun city was gone forever. Next day some banana peels floated onto a Coney Island beach, and weeks later a news report said that Europeans were patrolling their beaches with shot guns, but an awful lot of coffee grounds and stale pumpernickle escaped into the woods. □

jim delehant



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WE READ YOUR MAIL



Dear Editor:

I just returned from a Raider concert. Now grant me - the concert was the most and so are the Raiders. But here's what I have to complain about: The way that the cops treated the kids (including me) was absolutely unbelievable.

About twenty of us kids were around the back of the colosseum when the bus with the guys in it pulled up. Of course, we all crowded around just hoping for a glance of somebody. I mean, we weren't gonna mob the place or anything like that. But the cops lined up and pushed all of us away. They pushed a couple of girls down and other kids trampled over them. I really don't think that it was necessary to do that.

Also, another thing that gripes me was the things that they did during the concert. I'm glad that they were glad to protect the guys because I would simply die if anything ever happened to any of them. But some of the kids just wanted to get closer for a better picture. And do you know what the cops did? Before dragging the poor unfortunate kid to her seat they would ruin the picture by shining a flashlight in the camera.

I could name numerous things but this letter is longer than I planned it to be already. If anyone shares my feeling and has any suggestions on how to help get rid of this, please feel free to write me.

Linda Milam
Brooksville, Florida

Dear Editor:

I am not going to attack your magazine, nor praise it. I would like to start a debate, through your letter column, about a subject that has been talked about, but has never really been analyzed: Monkees.

To begin: Are they popular? Maybe with kids, but a lot of groups have little or no respect for them. Evidence: Peter Tork was laughed off stage at the Monterey International Pop Festival while engaging Phil Lesh, the Grateful Dead's bass player, in verbal combat.

Original? Original what? They are entirely plastic. Bigger groups than the Monkees got their start the hard way. Examples? Dylan, Donovan, the Bea-

ties. It is my belief they would never have made it on their own. Made themselves into a top group? With a little help.

The Monkees were originally an acting group? Don't tell me they just suddenly decided to be a singing group all by their lonesome.

Why do magazines print their portraits and their life stories, etc.? Maybe for the same reason newspapers report on war. People may not want it, but it exists and they still want to know about it. Morbid curiosity, I would guess.

True, they evidently have some fanatical followers, but so do some other "manufactured" groups (the American Nazi party, for instance). But, of course, they're not as popular as the Monkees. I don't really see why not.

Please print this, and let's get this Monkee war over with.

Robert W. Sawyer
55 Pleasant St.
Waterville, Maine

Dear Editor:

I've been reading your magazine now for over two years and I must tell you you've improved on every issue. Especially the ones on the super-cool Who. I must tell you though we need much more Who in this world and you're the mag to do it, aren't you?

I must inform you I heard their new LP, "The Who Sell Out." Songs go from "I Can't Reach You" to "Tattoo." It's super.

Actually your magazine is good for my health. So are the Who; so please print Who for breakfast, Who for lunch, and Who for dinner.

I'd like to hear from all the Who addicts out there in Hit Parader land. And a closing note: Keep giving us all those great articles on new and undiscovered groups.

Jeff Van Etten
Box 128
Morrisonville, New York

Dear Editor:

I read Larry LeBlanc's article on Canada and I would have agreed with him a year ago or even three months ago. But after hearing and seeing a group from Ontario called the

Fraser Loveman Group, I've got to tell Larry he should catch this act because this is gonna be the group to put Canada out in front music-wise.

They write all their material and design all their stage outfits, plus putting on a stage show that makes all acts sick-looking. They are the first group in Canada to come up with long compositions as the Doors have done in the States. Yes, let's see something on this group in your mag and then it'll be the best mag out on the stands. Catch 'em, Larry; you'll really be shocked at how great they are.

M.M.S.
Benson, N.C.

Dear Editor:

I would like to make a few statements. First of all, I want to know why female musicians are scorned in many places.

As a drummer, I can say that it is relatively difficult for a female to enter a male group. The boys usually don't want us because they think it's too much of a gimmick for the group or that a female has no real musical talent when it comes to playing good rock blues or Cream-type music.

I want to say that I know many female musicians that can belt out a tune like nobody's business and who are just as capable as if not more than, many of the top groups in Cleveland, and the U.S. for that matter. So, groups, don't scorn female musicians; they have just as much knowledge and know-how as you.

Any contradictions, please write.

Diane Warden
7906 Colgate Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading your great article, "The Young Rascals, Their Whole Story." And I was so glad to read and learn so much about my favorite Rascal, Felix Cavaliere. Because of such great articles on the Rascals, I buy this magazine.

I have already met the Young Rascals many times and have seen them in concert eight times. It is so great to see them in this magazine so often.

I am looking forward to see-

ing much more about my favorite group in the whole world. So please have more, more and more about Felix, Dino, Eddie, and Gene.

Thank you so very much. You have a great magazine.

Patricia M. Dellaro
19 Lowell St.
Lynbrook, N.Y.

Dear Editor:

Congratulations! It's about time somebody woke up to the fact that there's a group called the Hollies. Your magazine is the only one with anything worthwhile on them. It's really great to find a magazine that prints more than a group's favorite foods and things along that line. Your articles on the Hollies are fantastic. They are a great group and deserve much more publication than they get. If only more magazines were like yours in printing things on the Hollies.

I have only one suggestion. You should devote individual articles to each Hollie, as well as your super group articles. Otherwise there is absolutely nothing wrong with your coverage of the group. Keep up the good work.

Shiela Grosswirth
7139 Carol Court
Riles, Illinois

Dear Editor:

While looking through my back issues of HP, I noticed in the index of the November '67 issue, in the New Stars On The Horizon section, page 56, three groups called Fuzzy Burns, Polish Submarine and Seldom Mole. So I said to myself, "Is it possible that I missed something the first time I read it?" So I flipped over to page 56 and what should greet my eyes? The Music Explosion, Grass Roots, and Country Joe and the Fish. What happened?

Frank Savage
106 Perkins St.
Havelock, No. Carolina

Dear Editor:

The Doors are the most out-of-sight group that ever happened. I just read your interview with them in the February edition of Hit Parader. It's one of the best articles I've ever read about them. I hope you will continue writing about this fabulous group. They are, certainly, the

most original singers to make the scene. Their music is different. It has meaning and feeling, which many groups lack.

Thanks, man.

Carolyn Griffith
2801 14th St.
Port Arthur, Texas

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading your January issue, and, like thousands of teens across the country, I have an opinion and would like to have it heard.

In regard to the letters from Ray Stock, Amy Jackson and Suzanne Owens, I think they are being unfair to the Monkees. The Monkees have certainly had their share of breaks, with the TV show and all, and this gives way for thousands of jealous teenagers to verbally tear them apart. Take a group that was thrown together with little knowledge of the instruments they allegedly play, give them a few months, and let them do a concert. What would you usually have? A big bomb.

I would like to know if the afore-mentioned have ever seen the Monkees in concert. I think it would be a very enlightening experience if people would listen to what the Monkees have to say and how they say it, rather than join in with a popular opinion. I think that their space fillers might take a new light. As far as their weak vocals go, the Rolling Stones should be so weak. A close analysis of "I Wanna Be Free," "Daydream Believer" and "Shades Of Gray" should take care of that.

Personally, I don't think there ever was, or ever will be another group with the musical ability, class and versatility of the Young Rascals but I like the Monkees and I believe in credit where credit is due. Everyone to his own opinion, so I hope I haven't offended anyone with mine.

Brian Abbott
Box 126
Union, NH

Dear Editor:

First off, I admit I have no earthy idea what you're trying to prove in February's Music Spotlight. Yes, there is loads of imitation in music, but so what? It is unfortunate that there aren't more Lennon-McCartney, Bacharach-David type of songwriters, but that's how it is. You wanted more "tex-mex" songs, so here goes:

1. Practically everything Herb Alpert has put out.
 2. Most of Neil Diamond's fast numbers.
 3. "Ju Ju Hand," "Ring Dang Doo," "She Drives Me Out Of My Mind," "Where Do You Go To Get Soul?" "Fever," "I'm Wonderin'," "Susan," etc.
- You are correct: the list could go on forever. But I do believe "I Want Candy" and "Land Of A Thousand Dances" would be long more in a category of African rhythms.

Also, a few months ago you declared "Heroes And Villains" would make the Beach Boys the greatest group in the world. I hope not. Not that I'm knocking Brian Wilson's creativity, but the song sounds more like he was trying to create something he would like regardless of public reaction. "Wild Honey" and "Darlin'" are well done, yet they don't scream, "I'm the product of a musical genius."

This is what I don't like about a lot of the sounds being put out now. They, to me, seem to try to be different just for the sake of uniqueness. The weird sounds in "Itchycoo Park" add a lot to the song. But why the weird break in "Susan" by the Buckinghams? The same for the ending on "It's Wonderful" by the young Rascals. "Hello, Goodbye" by the Beatles has an ending which breaks from the rest of the song, but it isn't a conglomeration of noises. When the Beatles break form, they do it well. Others often end up with something quite different, but not that appealing.

Please have more on the Move, Pink Floyd, Small Faces, Who and all the other happening groups. How about an article on Burt Bacharach and Hal David?

Patrick Harvey
Lynchburg, Va.

Dear Editor:

Ever since the Beatles came, I have been trying to find a group whose music is better. I haven't found any, and I don't think I ever will. To prove this, get all the Beatles' albums and listen to them in chronological order. It is very obvious with every album they were getting better. Now, "Magical Mystery Tour" has one side of the album with just songs of their recent hit singles, but on the new songs, they are spectacular. "Blue Jay Way" and "Fool On The Hill" are ingenious.

The Beatles aren't rebellious teenagers anymore, but intelligent young men. Now, they write music because they love to, not because they want the money or fame. To do this and still be ahead of all the up-and-coming groups, there has to be more than luck, and good breaks. Their talent will prove for a long time to come that no one will ever leave the Beatles behind.

Connie Youker
535 E. Harrison
Wheaton, Ill.

Dear Editor:

Re: March issue. Beautiful interviews with Eric Clapton and Joe McDonald. Outstanding. Everything was really excellent and I was really groovin' - since I was in such a receptive mood I decided to glance over Benton Furnley's review of the Monkees' LP, "Pisces, Aquarius, Capricorn & Jones." Not a bad review. Too lenient, but not bad.

(Not good enough to influence me to spend five cents on the record.)

OK, so then I decided to read Jim Delehant's article, also on the Monkees, which really turned me off. He said in reference to "Daydream Believer," "Going Down" and their LP: "masterpieces in anybody's language." I feel it is my moral obligation to dissent. They are not masterpieces in my language. The Monkees' music is pretentious, contrived and crummy. In short: The Monkees don't make it.

However, I am an intelligent, rational, liberal human being. I am not cancelling my subscription (I don't have one) nor will I stop reading Hit Parader. I will just be more wary of anything Delehant writes from now on.

Joanne Abrams
5650 Sheridan Rd.
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:

I am writing basically to question you about just how a songwriter is recognized. What I mean is this: The writers I always read about are a) the "simples": John Phillips, John Sebastian, and Donovan; or b) the "complex": Bob Dylan, etc. I can't seem to understand how the "A" group can obtain respect for their work when people such as Bob Lind, Tim Buckley, Keith Reid (who writes for Procol Harum) and Jackson Browne of Southern California are around. (Don't get me wrong: I do like all the ones I listed, but I also want these people to gain what they deserve.)

I think that it would be interesting to have an article on people such as these every once in a while. I remember that HP had a nice write-up on Bob Lind way back in Sept. 1966, but so far that is the only thing I've ever read of him. Many, many people are recording his songs (especially "Elusive Butterfly") and from what I've heard through rumors, he should be coming into his own soon, if ever publicized again. His World Pacific albums are extremely listenable and I think that most people would like him. His songs reflect what is in everyone at one time or another.

Hit Parader was also the first to recognize Tim Buckley. I bought his first album shortly after it came out and since then I've turned eight known people on to the greatness of him.

In conclusion, thank you for being consistent in bringing the unknown talents (Tim Buckley, Ray Davies, etc.) to us and please never give up your spreads on the Kinks. Since "Face to Face" I don't see how they can fail. Who knows...maybe you can turn America on to the Kinks again.

David Graves
2728 Illinois St.
Napa, Calif.

Dear Editor:

I want to thank you very much for your interview with the Doors in your February issue. Also, the Who, Jefferson Airplane, Young Rascals, Moby Grape, Herb Alpert and the Hollies features. I also want to thank you for almost always including the Rascals and Bee Gees.

The article on the Association was great. You should do that kind of thing with more groups.

Your articles are rather impersonal but I can honestly say that I can read them over and over again with equal enjoyment.

In the Hollies feature it was pointed out that at live concerts the fans scream so much they can't hear the groups. This is something I never tried to analyze before. (I don't scream, I just cry.) It's hard to put into words how we feel at these concerts. I don't really think we go to hear them sing as much as to see them perform. We've heard the songs on the records. The excitement that's felt is expressed by screaming. I guess it's a way of telling them how much we appreciate them. I'd love to hear opinions on this.

Please, keep the Monkees out of Hit Parader. After all, you're concerned with talent, aren't you?

I always read your mail column and am thrilled to see there are still some (a few) Stone fans left. I think the Stones are very talented (among other things), so why don't you have more on them? The drug mess is all cleared up now, so I hope they'll get the popularity they deserve. They now have a new album out which I haven't had the chance to get yet.

A few other people haven't been given enough credit lately either. Like Simon and Garfunkel, for instance. And, of course, the continuously fantastic Beatles.

Frankly, I don't really understand Dylan. His lyrics don't always reach me but I do know I love his music. As a person he's baffling, but then, you're not supposed to understand Bob Dylan. I suppose an interview would be very interesting.

I really hope you'll pay more attention to the really great groups like the Beatles and Stones and keep up your interesting interviews with the groups.

I'd love to hear from all Beatles or Stone fans or just anyone who'd like to write. Will answer all letters and I'd love to know your opinions.

Valerie Ross
57 Barlow Lane
Rye, New York

We invite all readers to send comments, criticism, questions and requests to:
**WE READ YOUR MAIL, HIT PARADER,
CHARLTON BUILDING, DERBY, CONN.**

Fab. Phony Fax About **THE MONKEES**

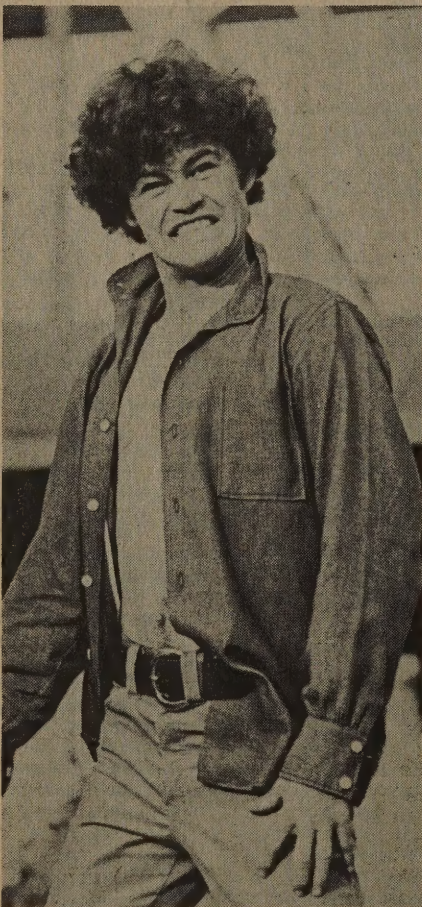
"INTIMATE SECRETS!!" "EXCLUSIVE CONFESSIONS!!" "GROOVY GOSSIP!!" You must have seen titles like these on ridiculous articles about pop stars in other magazines.

Just for fun, we decided to give you our versions of those silly articles. For your convenience we've condensed them down to the title and one or two essential - or non-essential, if you prefer - sentences.

"TWO HUNDRED THINGS I LOVE" by DAVY

I love my pet tropical fish...
all two hundred of them.

"TWENTY THINGS I DISLIKE ABOUT MIKE" by MICKY



I really hate the jelly beans Mike eats, all twenty in every box, because he never lets me bum any from him. Every time he eats one I get mad.

"MONKEY SPLIT RUMORS REVEALED!"



Yes, kids. It's true. The Monkees really like banana splits.

"EXCLUSIVE, FAB, FREAKY, UP-TIGHT, OUTASITE CONFESSION! SEVENTEEN THINGS I NEVER TOLD ANYONE ELSE BEFORE - REALLY, TRULY, HONEST!!"

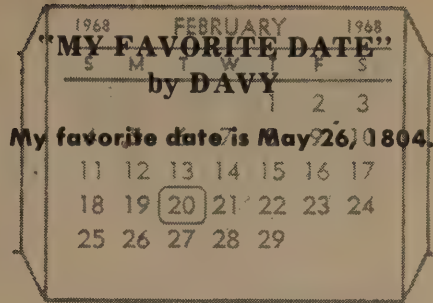
by PETER

1. I prefer to sleep in a bed
2. I had a hangnail once, about four years ago.
3. I didn't brush my teeth after every meal today.
4. Christmas is nice.
5. I always put my sox on before I put my shoes on.
6. I listen to the radio sometimes.
7. I think food is necessary for a well-balanced diet.
8. I always breathe through my nose.
9. I think articles like this are dumb.
10. When I wash my hands I use soap.
11. I would never fly without an airplane.
12. Rolled-up newspapers are good for squashing spiders on the wall.
13. Moss grows on the north side of trees.
14. If I were in your shoes, I would polish them.
15. I don't like this magazine.
16. I'm not going to finish this stupid questionnaire.
- 17.

"MY FAVORITE DATE" by MICKY



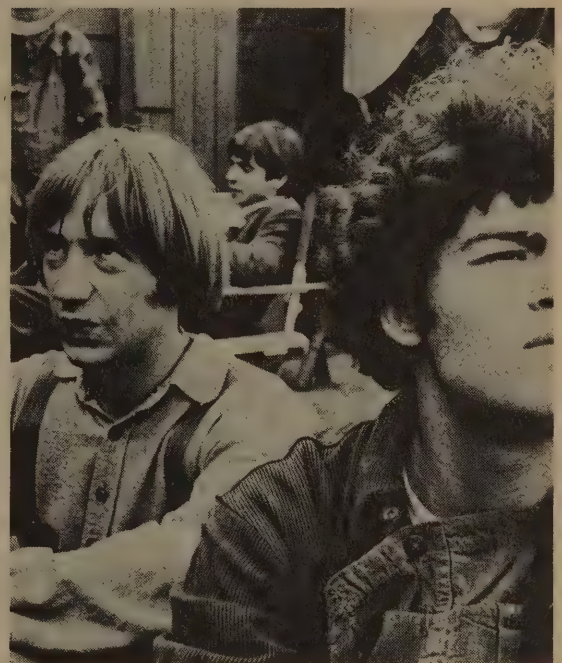
I like fresh, juicy dates with no seeds. I also like figs and prunes.



"WHAT I REALLY THINK OF MICKY"

by PETER

I think Micky is a nice person.



"MEET THE GIRL WITH THE DREAM JOB OF THE YEAR!!!"

Zelda Bananawich is really a lucky girl. She mops the floor in the Monkees' dressing room and empties their ashtrays and wastebaskets. Wouldn't you love to have a job like that?

Zelda is a Monkee fan, so naturally she collects a few "souvenirs." So far she has accumulated 10,217 cigarette butts, 4,938 candy bar and gum wrappers, 3 broken shoelaces, 762 empty cardboard coffee containers, 6,551 pieces of waxed paper (some with chunks of cheeseburgers and french fries still attached), 9,217 empty milkshake containers (8,062 with straws), 47 rusty razor blades, a blue sock with a hole in the toe, 743 soggy tea bags and a squeezed-out toothpaste tube.

She keeps her collection in her room, in the basement, the bathtub, the backyard and the city dump.

Zelda has never met the Monkees because they go home before she starts work.

(Next month read about another dream-job holder, the boy who glues the labels on the Monkees' records.)

THE GIRL WITH THE DREAM JOB

CONTEST! WIN FAB PRIZES!

Look what you can win:

Four combs used on the Monkees' heads, with actual hairs stuck in the teeth!!

A rubber bone that Micky's dog has chewed on.

Mark Lindsay's nose hairs...oops...wrong contest.

The actual unwashed sweat sox Peter wore in P.S. 107 gym class.

All you have to do is write "Why I Love The Monkees" in 25 words or less on the back of a twenty-dollar bill and mail it to us.

"EXCLUSIVE"

"THE MEN BEHIND THE MONKEES!!!!"

EXCLUSIVE NEVER-BEFORE-TOLD STORY REVEALED!!!!



One afternoon the Monkees bought some stuff in a supermarket. While they were waiting in the check-out line, four necktie salesmen who were in town for the necktie salesmen's convention sneaked up behind the Monkees and stuck "Kick Me" signs on their backs. The salesmen were angry because the Monkees don't wear neckties very often. The salesmen kicked the Monkees and ran out the door. And that's our story of the men behind the Monkees.

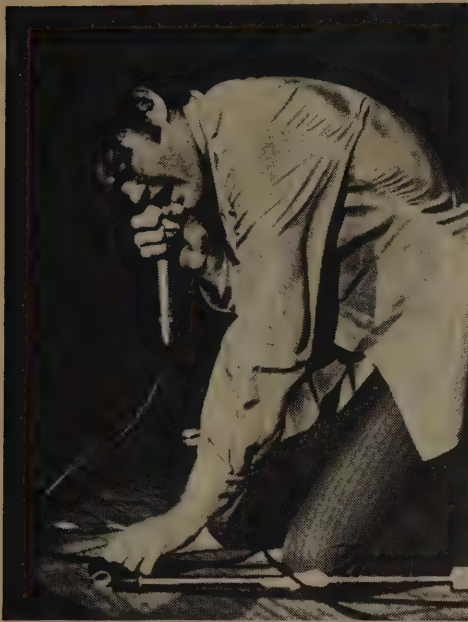
"GROOVY GOSSIP!!!"
"WHAT IS THE SECRET
FEAR THAT
HAUNTS DAVY?"



Davy is afraid of spilling
purple juice on his favorite
pink and yellow shirt
every time he eats
huckleberry pie.

"INTIMATE SECRETS!!!"
"THE NIGHT I CRIED"

by MICKY



One night I went bowling
and dropped the ball on my
toe. I cried a lot.



"MIKE'S NIGHT OF TERROR"

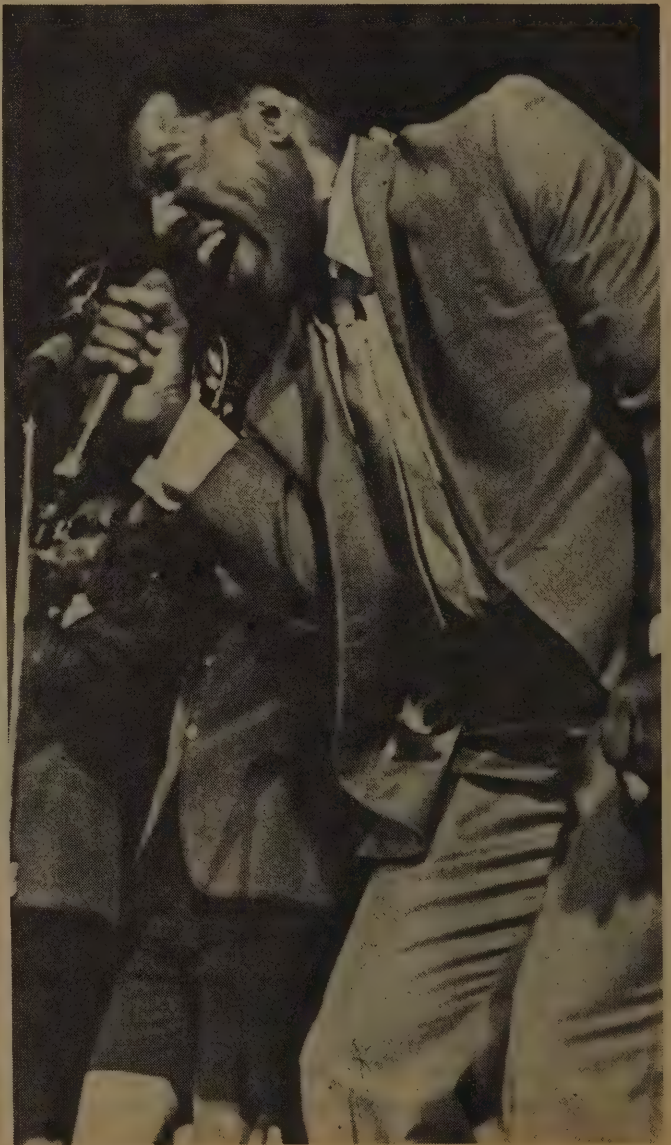


One night Mike's pet pig accidentally swallowed fifty aspirins. He called a vet who advised him to give the pig a gigantic headache so the aspirins wouldn't go to waste.

All night long Mike played Question Mark & The Mysterians' records and in the morning the headache was gone. So was his pig. But poor Mike had a headache and there were no aspirins left in the house. ☐



"The
OTIS
REDDING
I Knew"
by Steve Cropper



My original feeling for Otis wound up to be my final feeling for Otis. He was a pure man. Anything you say about him has to be good. He was a good person. He always got along well with the people around him. As far as I know he didn't have any enemies. He never irritated people. He always thought about the other person and he was nice to be around. He was just a nice all-around guy and it showed up in his records and his work. When Otis came in to work, he turned everybody on. He put so much into it.

He didn't have an obsessive drive. He wasn't out to conquer the world. He didn't have that attitude, yet he spent more time writing songs and coming up with new things than any artist I know. Even when he was on the road for ten days straight, he'd be in a hotel or on the bus with a guitar in his hands working on ideas.

I first met him in 1962. At the time, Otis was sort of a road manager, singer,

driver for Johnny Jenkins and the Pine-toppers. One day they came into the studio to cut a bunch of sides. Otis was just sitting over in the corner all day long and every once in a while he'd say, "Man, I sure would like to cut a song." After we finished Jenkins, we said "OK, let's see what this guy's got. He's been sitting here all day long and he seems real interested."

Otis had this song, called "These Arms Of Mine," that he thought a lot of, so we just cut it and that's how it all started. It's phenomenal that he had been unnoticed up to then. He could have been discovered somewhere else five years later. It just happened this way. Just by sitting in a chair, he could show his interest in music. He wasn't pushy about it or anything—he just mentioned to the guys he'd like to cut a record. He was so warm and so nice that we cut him without a second thought.

Every time I was with Otis, it was an experience. Whatever time I spent with

Otis, we always worked. There was never any pleasure time. If he was in for two days or two weeks, we worked. That's how he was. He hardly ever relaxed.

He always gave the musicians credit for everything that he did. If he had a hit record, he'd tell us, "Man, I couldn't make it if it weren't for you." He was always handing out compliments to the musicians. He never thought of himself as the big thing. He always wanted to give somebody else credit for helping him. You can't help but like people for that.

He always wanted us to go on the road with him. "I got a good band," he'd say, "and if I had y'all out there, we'd have a ball." The only time we spent together like that was on the European tour and we really did have a ball. When we came back from Europe, he was really happy. He said he never had a band like that on stage before.

Right before the accident, he came into the studio for one whole week and then off and on for another two weeks. We cut a lot of stuff on him then. At the time, he was going out on weekend dates. He'd come back and cut from Monday to Thursday. This time we cut some final horn lines of a Friday morning. He said, "I'll see ya'all." He went off to Nashville to do "Up Beat" and then the next night he left for Wisconsin. He was due back here Monday to cut more songs.

We had really just started to work. We were writing some real good songs. The accident blew the whole bottom out. It's just a shame. We were up till 6:00 one morning. Otis didn't just put in a day's work and then go home and forget about it. He just kept going.

I'm satisfied with everything I ever did on Otis' records. Everything he did was an accomplishment. What he put on it, made the whole thing. It was Otis and it sounded great. Otis and I wrote "Fa Fa" together and that was one of my finest moments with him. It was fun. There was so much interest and work going on.

I learned a lot from just being with him. I can't think of a particular thing he taught me. It was just the experience of working with him. The main thing I got from Otis was the fired interest in working on something. He always had the right direction. He never stuck to one pattern in his songs or one thought. A lot of writers stick in one vein but Otis moved around.

His love for people showed up in his songs. He was always trying to get back to his baby or he missed her—she was the greatest thing in the world. He always had a positive approach. It's hard to convince the public with a negative song, "You did me wrong." Otis showed me the best way is to write positive.

Otis didn't get to be with his wife



and three children as much as he wanted. He had a definite thing for them. Whenever he had time, he'd think about them. He brought his wife and kids to recording sessions quite often. His wife was in the studio a week before the accident.

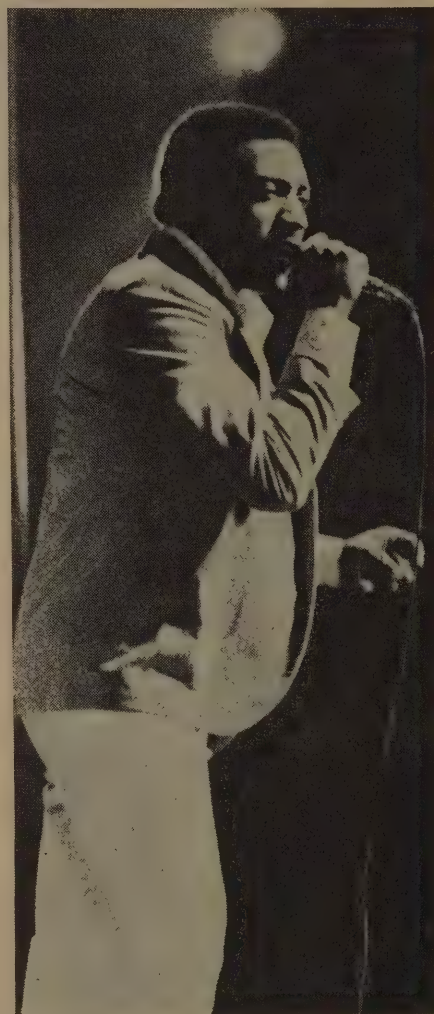
A couple of months before the accident, Otis had a throat operation. The recuperation period gave him more time at home than he had had since he began. He had developed polyps from being on stage and screaming so long. It's happened to several artists. When he came out of the operation, his voice had improved. It was clean and didn't break up. Before the operation, it became a hazard. On sessions he couldn't go all night. His voice would just break up. But, in his last three or four weeks, his voice was better than ever.

During those sessions, he cut nine sides and it's the best stuff he's ever done. Then, when he discovered that he sounded better he went back and recut a bunch of other things that were in the can. The ideas and the arrangements are good and the messages are clean.

Otis couldn't stop talking about the material he had written for the last sessions. He kept telling everybody, "Wait till you hear the next one." He felt that "Dock Of The Bay" was one of his best sides. When he came in with it, he played me the melody and he had almost one whole verse completed. We sat down in the studio by ourselves and within two hours we had the completed song. I helped him with part of the second verse and the bridge and the changes. Then I did the arrangement. Otis was a pretty good rhythm guitar player. But, he wanted me to play the acoustic on "Dock Of The Bay." We laid down the rhythm with the hollow body and then I overdubbed the electric. On some of the songs in the can, Otis is playing rhythm guitar.

If there was a certain thing he was playing on his guitar, when we went over his songs, I'd learn it and duplicate it on the record. We just did that to give him freedom at the microphone. A lot of people say I play different on Otis' records. That's because he showed me what he wanted. He always tuned to a chord and played open like Jimmie Rodgers. The last time I saw him was at the "Dock Of The Bay" session. I can't explain how his death shocked everyone here.

The funeral was incredible. All the big soul artists came. It was held in a big auditorium in his hometown, Macon, Georgia. It was so crowded, there were 5,000 people outside that couldn't get in. They were just standing in the streets. People from all over the world came. James Brown and Solomon Burke and Joe Tex came down. Sam & Dave, Rufus and Carla, all of our artists were there.



Booker T. played organ and Johnny Taylor and Joe Simon sang spirituals. After that there was a quiet burial on his farm in Macon.

It hit everybody at the same time. Instant shock. We scheduled recording sessions as soon as possible to get everybody back on their feet again. It was a loss to the whole world. Now, nobody will ever know what he had in store for them. He was just starting to come into something. He was starting to get



out of hard rhythm and blues. He went beyond that. He was hitting everybody all over the world.

The operation had given him almost two months to find himself again. Getting away from himself, away from the stage got him thinking, "Hey, where am I going?" His last sessions showed a definite improvement. He saw a new life coming. □ steve & jim
(Latest album/History of Otis Redding-Volt)

MARTHA & THE VANDELLAS

Backstage



Martha & The Vandellas changed my life.

It sounds like a title from a corny confession story, but the girls were the first group I ever interviewed. They turned out to be more down-to-earth than I had expected rock and roll singers would be.

Four and a half years ago I was a struggling cartoonist. Although my financial condition was often perilous, I never thought of doing anything else for a living. One day my old high school buddy, Jim Delehant, phoned and said, "I need an article on a singing group. Who's in town?"

"I think Martha & The Vandellas are at the Apollo," I replied.

"Want to interview them?"

A hungry cartoonist and former feature writer for the high school newspaper never refuses a paying assignment, so off I went to the Apollo Theatre.

Martha Reeves and The Vandellas were delightfully charming young ladies, and the interview and subsequent article turned out nicely.

Three months Jim called again to ask, "How would you like to be an editor?"

"Well," I thought, "if all pop stars are as nice as Martha & The Vandellas it should be a fun job."

Not every pop star I've met since then has been as pleasant to meet as Martha & The Vandellas, but I enjoy my work. The three girls had influenced my decision to take the job.

Every time the group is in New York, I try to visit them. I especially wanted to see them this time because there had just been a personnel change in the group.

The first time I met the girls they were concerned that the cracks in the dressing room walls would show in the pictures I took. But now they occupied the Apollo's freshly painted star dressing room.

When I arrive, Martha is sitting on a studio couch watching television and the new girl in the group, Martha's sister Lois, is playing solitaire. Rosalind is elsewhere in the theatre with her boyfriend.

Periodic bursts of footsteps and shouts

echo on the stairs outside the dressing room door as we talk.

The most obvious topic is Betty Kelly, who has just left the group.

"There comes a time in every group when someone has other desires — things they'd rather do on their own — so they just disengage themselves," Martha explains diplomatically.

"What's Betty doing now?" I ask.

"I wouldn't know exactly. She is under contract to Berry Gordy, not to me. Don't be surprised if you see her in another group or singing as a single or whatever. I wish her all the luck in the world."

The phone rings. Martha answers it. The Motown record distributor in Los Angeles is calling to let Martha know that her latest record is a hit out there.

"Is it a number one?" Martha asks.

"No. But it'll be top 5," says the distributor.

She chats a while and when the call is completed she beams, "It's inspiring to know that he could think of me and he's way out in Los Angeles. It just brightened my whole day."

On their very first tour, which began late in 1962, Martha & The Vandellas performed for two and a half solid months without a single day off. The demand for the girls continues, and Martha doesn't seem to mind all the traveling she's done during the last five years.

"It's great. I feel younger every day," she says. "I've been a little bit tired but it's because I haven't kept my health up too well. I kind of let vitamins go and skipped a couple of meals. All it takes is a little bit of self-discipline—proper diet and more sleep—and I'll be up to par again.

"You can enjoy what you're doing so

much that you forget yourself."

Lately, the girls have enjoyed doing concerts at colleges and they've been getting into some of the bigger clubs in the Las Vegas circuit. "But we're not going to neglect our teeny-boppers," Martha adds. "We're going to do a variety of engagements.

"I don't think past today. I live for today and try to make it as happy for me and for others. Whatever I do in the future will probably be something that involves people.

"The things you've already done are gone and you can't relive them. Tomorrow is only a promise. You try to make today happy. It's easy to do

that. It takes a lot of the grief out of life because you don't take the time to worry. Who wants to worry? Who needs it?" she asks with an uneven laugh.

There's a knock on the door. The stage doorman enters with three large lollipops bearing the inscription, "Palisades Park." Martha reads the note attached to them. She explains, "There's a little girl who was only five when we first came to the Apollo. She gave me her picture which I still have. She called today to say hello and she sent us these lollipops. She's still around and she'll always be a fan. But people like that are more friends than fans."

Being a gregarious person, Martha has made many friends among her fellow artists.

"Any time I'm near a place where another entertainer is appearing I'll always try to get to see them. I finally got to meet Nancy Wilson, who's a very beautiful person. Also, I met Lionel Hampton, who's an old entertainer but he's still beautiful," she says.

"Sometimes people drop in on me. Stevie Wonder was here. He did a finale here at the Apollo with us. He was working in a nightclub in Newark, so he visited us during the day. Charlie of the Drifters came in yesterday. J.J. Jackson came in the day before. Jackie Wilson came by. It seems that every day someone comes by.

"The Supremes usually aren't in town time they were in town they did a convention and afterwards I went over and spent three hours just talking with Mary Wilson. She's a very sweet person."

Rosalind and her friend enter the room, followed by a photographer.

"Your pictures are here," says Rosalind.

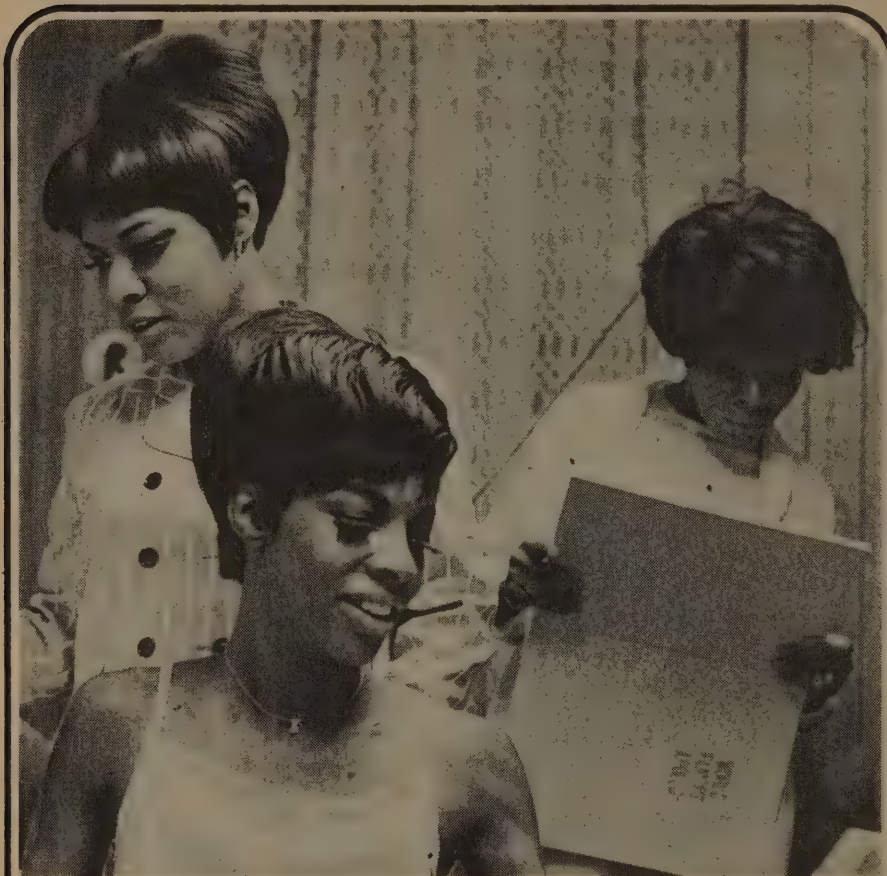
Martha looks at the photo, which had been taken while the group was onstage a few days ago. The photographer has surrounded it with photos of the other acts on the show. She buys several copies.

Martha has amassed quite a few souvenir photo albums during her singing career.

Martha Reeves, Rosalind Ashford and Annette Sterling were the original members of the group, which was formed nine years ago in Detroit while the girls were in high school.

Annette and Rosalind were members of a quartet, which Martha later joined as a replacement. The three girls quickly established a musical rapport. Although they all lived in distant parts of the city they rehearsed together at least three times a week.

The girls called themselves the Del Phi's and appeared at local dances and talent shows with few thoughts of nationwide fame. "We never thought



big."

After being together for three years the girls were about to disband their singing group. They felt, "There are so many talented people around, it's hard to get someone important to listen to you."

About this time, Martha, who had been working for eight months as a secretary for Berry Gordy Jr.'s Motown Records, finally felt confident enough to bring Rosalind and Annette in for an audition. A&R man William Stevenson listened to the trio perform, and the next day they signed a contract.

At first, the girls did mostly background singing for the other Motown artists. They contributed the exciting chorus on Marvin Gaye's first big hit, "Stubborn Kind Of Fellow." Two years later, Gaye returned the favor by writing "Dancing In The Street" for the girls.

The Vandellas' first record was "I'll Have To Let Him Go." In November 1962 their second release, "Come And Get These Memories," began their non-stop parade of hits.

Naturally, Martha has a few favorites.

"'Nowhere To Run' is a favorite song of mine. So are 'My Baby Loves Me,' 'Jimmy Mack,' 'Dancing In The Street' and 'Jealous Lover.' Each one has a meaning to me. I recall the places and situations I was in when each record was released. An inspiration came from each song to make me want to remain in this business. They made me have a purpose in life.

"I'm not a songwriter but I can take a song that someone else writes and express it the way they would like it. Usually the songwriters at Motown give me the words, they tell me the feeling and they just tell me to put Martha in it. And that's how it comes to be."

Martha's all-time favorite songwriters, of course, are the famed Holland, Dozier and Holland who wrote most of the girls' hits, from "Come And Get These Memories," "Heat Wave," and "Quicksand," in the beginning to the recent "Jimmy Mack." "They're our songwriters, although the Supremes kind of borrowed them for a while," she smiles.

Martha and the Vandellas have no particular record producer. They use whichever one of the many Motown producers is available. Martha also cites her willingness to sing anything written for her by any of Motown's fifteen or twenty staff songwriters. "I'd like to sing for whoever is inspired to write for me. A writer has to be inspired in order to create."

Annette, who married her childhood sweetheart, left the Vandellas three years ago to become a mother. Betty Kelly from Kalamazoo, Michigan stepped into the group.



A comedian and m.c. Martha had worked with in a Newark nightclub during the riots last summer drops by and brightens the conversation with lines like "a lot of people say they can't eat soul food like a pig's nose, but whenever I have it I just say, 'Oh, look. The meat got two holes in it!'"

Lois, I discover after chatting with her, is nineteen years old and just out of high school. She was performing onstage with the group after only two days of rehearsal. Martha hadn't thought of using her sister to replace Betty. A personnel director at Motown suggested that she audition. Lois tried it and she fit right in.

Lois describes her first time onstage with the group as "a weird feeling. There's nowhere to hide. You have to get out there and do your best. I just put everything into it."

Being a Vandella has its rewards and drawbacks, she's found. "The good thing is you don't have to struggle to

get to the top because you're there already, but when you get there you have to prove yourself."

Lois has proven herself, and should the group ever wish to expand, there are nine more Reeves children at home, though none of them seems interested in getting into the music business.

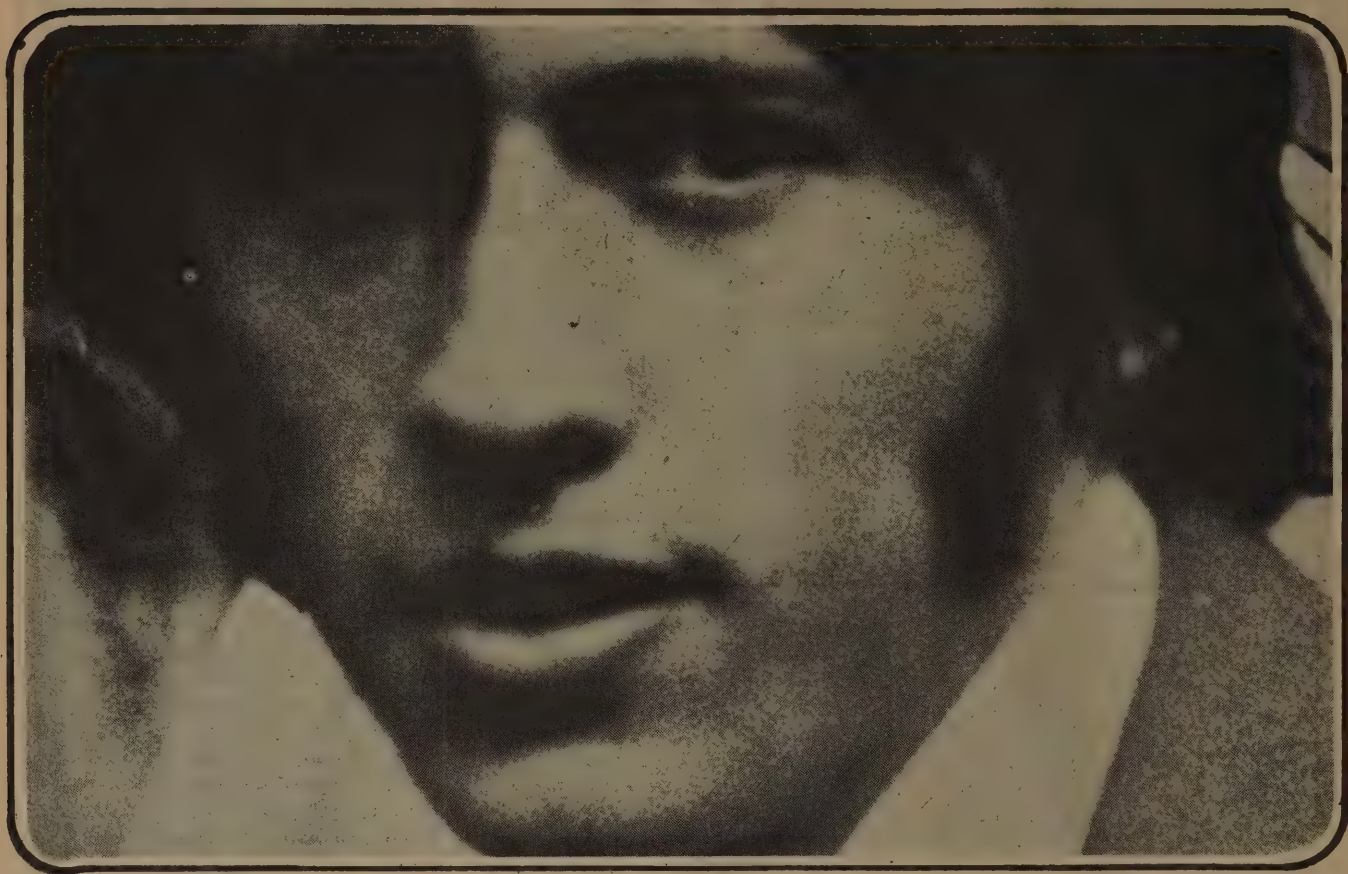
A new member is always good for a group. Martha & the Vandellas were always a delight to watch and the enthusiasm of Lois gives the act even more sparkle.

"I get a lot of inspiration from her. She's young and full of ideas and she inspires me to do a better show for the people," Martha says as the girls prepare to go onstage.

"Sometimes I wonder if the people in the audience enjoy my performing as much as I enjoy performing for them."

When a group has been going strong for five years like Martha & the Vandellas have been, there's no doubt that they've been doing something right. □ don paulsen

Inside **THE BEE GEES**



Maurice Gibb

If I were a film-casting director I've a feeling I could visualize Maurice Gibb as the brown-eyed, brown-haired, 5 ft. 6 in. son of an Indian chief, what with those high cheekbones that dip inwards to give him the lean, hungry, proud look of a brave out to kill a wagon-train master who speak with forked tongue.

Maurice sees himself in another light. He would have loved to have been Clyde in "Bonnie And Clyde," playing the Warren Beatty role with fervour because it struck him as a real, human thing.

His deep-set eyes light up as he speaks fluently, articulately, about his hopes and his inner thoughts on success and the lifetime stretching in front of him.

"It's a nice idea," he told me, "to talk about things like this once in a while. I like people to know I'm not just a face in a photograph."

The first time I met Maurice he was carrying an old single by Lorraine Ellison, "Stay With Me, Baby," which

he thrust on to the record player with urgency and delight.

Seconds later I was listening to a full-blooded, screaming, beautiful, agonized, ecstatic, sobbing, sexual, soaring performance of a song that prickles the hairs at the nape of the neck.

It was one of the most incredible records I've ever heard, and I raved, Maurice raved, even the man there from the BBC World Service raved. When I heard that Cilla and Lulu were also raving, that was it. My mind was made up. I asked Warner Brothers to rush me a copy as soon as they could, and I raced home and also thrust it on to the record player with urgency and delight.

Lorraine Ellison's "Stay With Me, Baby" may now be heard screaming through our house and right out into the road, probably to the great chagrin of our neighbors, Ron and Marge on one side, and the nice old boy on the other.

That an emotionally supercharged record like this should appeal to Maurice

doesn't surprise me at all. He has a great sense of the romantic and he admits to it readily.

"When I meet a girl," Maurice told me gently, "I treat her as a girl should be treated. I even go as far as walking on the outside of the pavement. I find I get very romantic, and I don't swear and I treat her with respect."

"I like a small girl, preferably blonde, with a sense of humor." When he added that his steady girlfriend was a happy person who was also in show business, I took a calculated guess and asked him did he mean Lulu. This was before news of their romance found its way into the papers.

Maurice's eyes widened with undisguised surprise. "You're right!" he exclaimed. "How did you know?" I shrugged one of my I-just-happen-to-be-a-genius shrugs, and gave him my word I wouldn't break the news.

We talked about many things, Maurice and I. He's quick-witted and cheerful, and his conversation isn't limited to pop music or buying an



'ouse for 'is muvver.

He says he believes in God, but dislikes the hypocrisy of many churchgoers; thinks politics is the biggest bore that ever happened to the world; can't see himself splitting with the other Bee Gees, although he would like to do others things as well; would like everybody in the group to act; is obsessed by cars, although he is still waiting to pass his driving test; has a Rolls-Royce and a Morris Cooper S with "black-out windows and all that ..."; likes the Bachelors for their professionalism; and says his greatest dream is to own a motion picture company.

Maurice looks back with happy nostalgia on how he and the other Bee Gees were scared stiff at the audition they did for Robert Stigwood soon after they arrived in Britain.

"We did our nightclub act," says Maurice, "and he watched and listened and never smiled once. Then he said, 'Be at my office at six o'clock,' and we were, and we signed contracts."

Maurice also looks back with a slight sense of awe on the way he and the rest of the family just packed up and came to Britain.

"We stayed in a crummy hotel in Hampstead," says Maurice, "and one day my dad went to see the Seekers' manager, Eddie Jarrett, to see if he could help. He said sorry, he couldn't do anything. After that dad went to see Robert Stigwood at Nems - and here we are."

There they are, indeed....still selling well with "Massachusetts," and

not only that, but high in the sky with "World."

Maurice might well be inclined to celebrate this with a great, big, swinging humdinger of a party, except that he isn't that keen on parties.

"I don't mind a celebration now and again," he told me, "...in fact, I'm a bit of a raver. But many times I like to be on my own and play a bit of the old 'Monty Varni.'"

"Know something? Everything surprises me. You mention Lulu, and I'm really surprised. Say a well-known girl record reviewer has got false teeth, and there I am again - really surprised. Some people would shrug and say, 'Oh yeah, so what?' Not me. Everything surprises me."

Maurice loves subtle humor and also doing his own impressions of other people, but there's an intensely serious side to him. When he heard about the death of Brian Epstein, the shock and suddenness of it had a deep and traumatic effect.

Apart from the death, the greatest personal blow to him has been failing his driving test three times.

Bitterly, Maurice recalls how in the middle of the first driving test he took, the examiner said: "You're one of the Bee Gees, aren't you - the ones getting deported?" (This was at the time of work-permits trouble regarding Colin Peterson and Vince Melouney.)

"I was just about to say this applied to only two of the members," alleges Maurice, with an acid edge to his tongue, "when this bloke says: 'Then why the hell are you taking your test?'"

"That got me. My blood really boiled, and I thought, 'Right, mate.' I gave it to him at 80. We were going along like there was no tomorrow."

"When he got out, he said, 'Mr. Gibb, I'm happy to say you've failed.'"

More out-of-this-world matters often concern the agile mind of Maurice Gibb, who at seventeen admits to feeling far more mature than his years.

He tells of spiritualist seances in which "an English guy named Noel, who was killed in a motorbike crash when he was twenty-two, has given the Bee Gees advice and prophesied their future in the charts."

"There was another time," says Maurice, "in which we got in touch with a German baron by means of using a glass and letters of the alphabet. But it didn't really work. Either he couldn't spell, or he couldn't speak English."

The things that worry Maurice include death; his nose; the gold in his front tooth; making a wrong move and embarrassing himself when he's with a girl; and being in clubs and being stared at.

"I hate that," says Maurice. "I used to go to clubs a lot, but I don't like feeling conspicuous. Now I don't go so much—I suppose people will think I'm big-time. But I'm not."

Maurice is right. He isn't.

Straightforward, confident, uncertain, impulsive, romantic, nostalgic and the most mature and sensible 17-year-old I've ever met....yes.

Big-time....never. □ alan smith

(Latest album/ Bee Gees Horizontal-Atco)

Elvin Bishop wants to try some new musical ideas and start his own group. But the last we heard he was still playing lead guitar in the exciting new Butterfield Blues Band.

He's torn between two separate directions, as the following interview reveals:

An Interview With **ELVIN BISHOP** *(Part 2)*



MUDDYWATERS & ELVIN BISHOP BACKSTAGE AT THE CAFE AU GO GO.

ELVIN: I've got a good job now, I'm playing with a really good band and it's a prestige position and everything. I hate to leave for several reasons. I really like the cats and everything involved with it. But I really want to get myself together on my own.

Something snapped a couple of weeks ago and I really started making a lot of progress in different areas, both technically and in terms of getting things together in my mind.

A lot of complete tunes and vague ideas for other tunes, both vocals and instrumentals, occurred to me in the last couple of weeks. I realized some ways of using traditional forms as well as some new forms I want to try. I intend to use blues, country and other progressions that have been around for a long time in a fresh way.

I have some ideas for new technical things on the guitar that nobody is doing yet. I'd like to have some time to work them out.

We've been doing one-nighters lately and I had a chance to spend a couple of weeks in Chicago. I really made a lot of progress there. Conditions seemed to be right for

me to advance. I have a lot of friends there and I know a lot of musicians. It's a really groovy climate going on. Musicians from different bags can get together and play with an open mind. I made some tapes with some really good jazz musicians there. I guess you might call them "new thing" cats. I don't think any of these cats have a nationwide reputation yet, but I'm sure they will. Anthony Braxton was on tenor sax. They do a lot of music that doesn't have any form per se. How well the musicians listen and how well they can play determines the form. It really works out.

Like, they'll just start playing and the tune will grow organically and it will last for two hours straight. It's very moving music.

There are two or three primarily rhythm and blues groups that are using horn players with jazz backgrounds. They're incorporating jazz things into their R&B style. That's been going on for a long time, of course, but it's happening on a more rapid level of development in Chicago than in any other place I know. There's more getting together and the results are more progressive.

Certain groups have tried to mix rock and jazz elements and it usually comes out sort of lumpish. They've made some steps, but usually it's either jazz with rock lumps in it or rock with jazz lumps.

I think it's going to really happen in Chicago. Cats are not afraid to write tunes with newer forms. They're getting away from the old traditional things that have been just overworked.

There's an harmonica player from New York named Jeff Tharpe who's formed an eight or nine-piece group with about three horns, including some really good jazz cats. They respect each other's musicianship, they're interested in each other's bag and they're really trying to work up a synthesis.

Some other people who are good are an harmonica player named Apple Jack who writes his own tunes and the Lynn Country Blues Band. Their leader, Steve Miller - he's no relation to the leader of the Steve Miller Blues Band - is an organ player and a good singer and arranger. There's a soprano saxophone player in the group.

The new music is reaching an audience to some extent. These

groups can play for people a lot more than they can play for money. Cats like Anthony Braxton, Rosco Mitchell and Joseph Sharman have been able to do free concerts at the University of Chicago and a couple of other schools. There are two or three clubs at most where groups just starting out can get a job that pays something and a good audience. Mother Blues is one.

What I'd like to do is spend six months in Chicago, get myself a place and really devote myself to practicing and working out these ideas I have into definite forms. I'd be able to play with a lot of different musicians.

When I'm finally ready to think about getting my group together I'd be able to try different instrumentation and try different cats. I don't want to commit myself for a while on any specific instrumentation. I'd rather just wait a while and do it right.

I'll be able to work there whenever I want to. I'll be doing records and concerts with some of the jazz musicians there.

The main thing I want to do is write some tunes and get some better ideas for arranging my own



tunes. I want the tunes to be an expression of how I feel, rather than just another variation of what everyone else has already written about.

I'm not sure that all of my words will be, at first listening, acceptable to the pop audience, so I'd like to get my playing into such shape that they'll be predisposed in my favor. I don't want to perform music that people don't want to listen to. I want my music to be so strong that people will want to listen to my words.

The Butterfield Band is sort of an example of what I mean. We do a lot of things that are easy for people to grab hold of instantly because the beat is appealing and we're using familiar blues progressions. You can do this to get an audience on your side and they'll be more ready to listen to more advanced things that they wouldn't accept if you broke it on them cold.

HP: When the Butterfield Band was starting, did you have any idea that you'd eventually reach such a large audience?

ELVIN: I don't think we really expected it. At that time no one other than the colored people in Chicago were listening to the blues very much. We played it because we just liked it. I guess we were lucky to come along playing it when we did.

HP: You were probably responsible for making a lot of people more aware of the blues. What musical directions is the band going in now?

ELVIN: It's been a few months since we've had the horns and the new rhythm section, and it's taken quite a while for that to jell, and for different influences from new cats in the group to permeate the other people's heads.

There are so many people in the group who are such good musicians. There are really a lot of good ideas floating around. Sometimes I think there are almost too many to be efficient. If there were fewer ideas, you'd know exactly which ones to work on.

I get to play a lot of solos with the group and sometimes I feel

guilty about it because there are other good musicians, like the horn players, who don't get a chance to play as much as I do. But it's traditional in a blues group to let the guitar have a prominent voice. When I get my group I'd like to have only four or five pieces, so everybody would have a chance to play a whole lot. Also, in a small group it's easier to get a spontaneous thing going.

In the Butterfield Band I feel guilty about playing as much as I do, but even so, I don't feel that I'm playing enough, so I can imagine how the other cats must feel.

We're trying to do new things with this instrumentation. Usually, when you hear a blues group with three horns, you expect to hear a horn take a solo occasionally and the horns to do mostly backup work. But we're trying to get into things where the guitar and the horn or the harmonica and the horn are trading phrases, like on the tune, "Pity The Fool."

We're getting into writing our own music. Writing music has really be-

come a big thing with me lately. I can sing convincingly if I can really feel the words and I'm really tired of singing other people's sentiments.

It's the same thing on guitar. I'm tired of playing other people's licks. Like, all the blues guitarists I've heard, except one, are more or less distinctive variations of the B.B. King style. The exception is Albert King.

A lot of cats have B.B.'s style with things of their own to add, which is sort of the bag I'm in now. I'd like to work on it and get away to the point where I'm not dependent on B.B. King licks. If you took a record by most blues guitarists and edited out all the B.B. King licks, you'd be left with a real spotty performance.

I feel that a lot of the things I want to accomplish are just around the corner and I can do them a lot better if I settle down in Chicago rather than here on the road. □ don paulsen

(Latest album/Butterfield Band/The Resurrection of Pigboy Crabshaw - Elektra)

Impressions Of **BOB DYLAN**

by Mike Bloomfield

When I first listened to Bob's "John Wesley Harding," I didn't like it too much. The second time I listened more attentively and I really dug it, because old Dylan has really learned how to sing. On that song, "Down On The Cove," he sounds like Percy Mayfield. The best song is the one with the line "kick your shoes off, get another bottle of wine and climb up on the bed." It's a ragtime kind of song with a steel guitar. Although Bob comes through as a very good singer, the album is poorly recorded and the sidemen aren't playing too well. That's because Dylan doesn't give them a chance to play. He doesn't run the songs down with them. Some of the changes are boring but he's showing the world he can sing.

He doesn't seem to be progressing. To my ears, there isn't a marked difference in his writing. Just his singing is better, and the words and his voice have come together. His images were much better on "Highway 51 Revisited." That song in particular and "Subterranean" is pure Dylan imagery. Sort of William Burrough's surrealism.

This album is calm Dylan. Post-electric, calm, together, Dylan. His other things were more frantic and that's more appealing as far as imagery goes.

There were spots where he sounded like Jerry Lee Lewis singing. When he wants, he can get into a good rock and roll groove, with electric instruments, and shout and be a really great rock and roll singer. Even in the old Elvis Presley style. He probably did this album without a band merely to go in the studio and get his songs out. Be as expedient as possible. He just got his new songs together and his singing, and went down to Nashville and did it.

He probably hasn't lost interest in the rock band. Judging from my experience with Dylan's rock band sessions, he never really gets with the band. We just learned the tunes right there, he sang and we played around him. He never got with the band so that we could groove to-



gether. There was no real empathy with the beat or between Dylan's singing and the groove of the band. If he got into it with the band, he'd be an unbelievable, cool, rock and roll singer. Maybe he's had bad band experiences or he won't let himself work with the band. He always seems to be fighting the band on a lot of his tunes.

Dylan is a hero because he tells the truth. He says all the little things that a kid knows are happening. Dylan says, this is what's happening. "Hey kid, this is what's going down in your mind, this is what's happening in your little life." On "Like A Rolling Stone" he tells it all. That's such an old story. And, "Baby, I Just Wanna Be Friends With You," every word of it is the truth. The kids hear him singing exactly what's on the bottom of their minds; what they dwell upon in the midnight hour, and old Dylan is just telling it to them in his song. That's why Lenny Bruce and Malcolm X. and John F. Kennedy were heroes. They were truthful.

When Dylan first came to New York, he was just skuffling to get work. He was into different music then - protesting and all that. But that was the truth, too. He saw what went down in this country and he wrote songs to show what was bad. I don't think he's interested in that stuff any more. I believe that he just wanted to be a rock and roll star right from the begin-

ning. He was born and raised in America. His influences are all media and communication and he's a rock and roll star incarnate. He could be a sexy hip-shaking idol just like Elvis. Somewhere in the bottom of his head that's what he really wanted to do when he was fourteen. He really wanted to be Elvis. A lot of years have passed since then but it's still in his head.

For years, Bob, myself and lots of other guys were just digging the music when we were teenagers. We were digging facts and styles and music history. Then suddenly one day it stopped being a hobby or a favorite pastime. Suddenly Dylan was just playing and singing and it became the most important thing. Bob's singing became the most important thing he had to offer. He stopped doing other people's songs. He left Woody Guthrie and his favorite folk music behind and sang his own songs. That came first over everything else. He realized, "My main thing is this because this is what I do best. This is the most fertile thing in my head. It keeps regenerating and it stays fertile. So I'm going to do it." So once he got his lyrics, music and concepts together, there wasn't any doubt in his mind. That was absolutely it. He became a poet, and when he felt he was so good, he wanted to be heard.

Now, I read his book, "Tarantula." I don't know if it's going to be

published or not, but I didn't like it. It's completely into imagery, reminding me of William Burroughs, but more inexplicable than Burroughs. I could hardly understand it. Maybe I'm not hip enough.

There is sort of a parallel between the book-writing and his lyric-writing. He could probably sing stuff from the book, but actually he can sing anything. That's his premise. Shakespeare can be sung. Phil Ochs walks around with a big book of poetry and he's singing it all the time to different changes. I think Dylan can sing any one of his thoughts — like opera which is just the singing of dialogue.

Dylan is mainly a poet. His singing is unnecessary. He sings because more people will hear his poetry. If he was just a poet, and never sang, like Leonard Cohen, Dylan wouldn't have the exposure. Dylan's hip enough to know that media is where it's at. His thoughts are much more accessible to the mind because he sings his poetry.

His movie, "Don't Look Back," was stone Dylan. A little of it, just a little, was pretentious because he knew he was being photographed. I chuckled all through the movie because I remember what Dylan was like. That movie is Dylan.

I first met Bob at a Chicago club called "The Bear," where he was performing. I went down there because I had just read the liner notes on one of his albums that described him as a "hot-shot folk guitar player, bluesy, blah-blah-whee, Merle Travis picking, this and that." The music on the album was really lame, I thought. He couldn't sing, he couldn't play.

I went down to the Bear to cut him with my guitar. I wanted to show him how to play music, and when I got there I couldn't believe it. His personality. He was so nice. I went there with my wife and we just talked. He was the coolest, nicest cat. We talked about Sleepy John Estes and Elvis' first records and rock and roll. Here was this genius cat. I could see then that



(ABOVE) DYLAN'S BAND, THE CRACKERS (FORMERLY THE HAWKS) ARE LEFT TO RIGHT: LEVON HELM, RICK DANKO, BOB DYLAN AND ROBBY ROBERTSON. NOT PICTURED ARE RICHARD MANUEL AND GARTH HUDSON. (BELOW) DYLAN AND MIKE BLOOMFIELD DURING ONE OF DYLAN'S FIRST "ROCK BAND" RECORDINGS.



he was going to be stone famous, a huge star. He was a nervous, crazy guy but he was so nice it was just staggering. He asked me to play some Sleepy John Estes stuff on my guitar, but I couldn't do it.

Then I met him a few more times at parties, and one day he called me and asked if I'd play on his record. I went to his house first to hear the tunes. The first thing I heard was "Like A Rolling Stone." He wanted me to get the concept of it, how to play it. I figured he wanted blues, string bending, because that's what I do. He said, "Hey, man, I don't want any of that B.B. King stuff." So, OK, I really fell apart. What the heck does he want? We messed around with the song. I played the way that he dug and he said it was groovy.

Then we went to the session. Bob told me, "You talk to the musicians, man, I don't want to tell them anything." So we get to the session. I didn't know anything about it. All these studio cats are standing around. I come in like a dumb punk with my guitar over my back, no case, and I'm telling people about this and that, and this is the arrangement, and do this on the bridge. These are like the heaviest studio musicians in New York. They looked at me like I was crazy. Al Kooper was there. I didn't know who he was then. It was his first break, too. I thought he was a famous session cat. But Dylan remained completely isolated from that. He just sang his tunes and they fitted the music around him.

As far as I can remember, I never saw any communication between Dylan and the band - ever. There are songs like "It Takes A Train To Cry" and "Like A Rolling Stone," where there seems to be some sort of communication. It happened almost by mistake. On everything else they could have had muzak going, or an electric machine that went through the changes.

The final upshot of this came at the 1965 Newport Folk Festival. I was supposed to play with either Dylan or Butterfield. Albert Grossman had just signed Butter, so I figured he'd make the choice. Now I was already in Butter's band and Dylan asked me to play with him. Here's where we misundersood each other. I figured Albert would tell me who to play with, where I'd be the most effective, but he left the choice up to me. I said, "OK, man, I'm a blues guitar player and I have an obligation to Butter, so I have to play with Butter."

Now here's a weird thing about Dylan. Prior to that Newport thing he was always introducing me to his friends as "the best guitar player in the world." It was sort of funny. Then one day I saw him with Roby Robertson, his new guitar player, at the Cafe Au Go Go. I walked over to him and he introduces me to Roby, who I already knew, and Bob says "Hey, Mike, I want you to meet the best guitar player in the world." I think that's what Bob is all about. He wants loyalty. If you say you're going to do something with him and you don't do it, he gets very brought down. He figures he's being betrayed.

Now I'd love to do a record with Dylan. I know I could get him into

it. Get him cooking, wailing with the band. Having a ball, getting the band to push him instead of fighting him. I know where his music and his words are at now. I'd hand-pick a band to go into the studio with Dylan. I'd use Al Kooper, Barry Goldberg, Buddy Miles and a couple of other guys. We could really cook. But it will never happen because he has a band.

I don't know who's playing guitar on "Visions Of Johanna" but it's terrible. He should have played lyrical stuff like Marty Robbins. But he played funky guitar licks and it sounds terrible. You can't play just one thing behind Dylan. With his writing there has to be all kinds

of different music going. You have to set a different mood for each song, a mood that will make him comfortable.

He's a mysterious cat. It's weird when you're working with a genius. When you're talking to him you just know that he's seeing everything. His little eyes are seeing every bit of truth and every bit of bull and he's categorizing it, working with it, understanding it. He's a genius and it's very strange to know a cat like that.

Dylan exudes this force, this very magnetic thing. You can feel his strong mind. He's a beautiful guy.

When I saw him for the session, he had this tiny old wooden house in Woodstock, New York way out in the country. It was a little two-room hut, like a log cabin isolated out in the woods.

When he had the motorcycle accident he laid up there for a long time. He had his neck in a brace and he just got scraped up a little. He just didn't want to go out in front of the kids any more. In my opinion, he stopped playing because the crowds would yell at anything. It didn't make sense to play any more. It was just for the money.

The kids had heard his songs, so they just wanted to see his flesh. They wanted to tear his shirt or pull a guitar string off. It had very little to do with his songs and it got to be a lame scene, so he stopped playing. (That's why Dave Crosby stopped playing with the Byrds.)

Now a colored audience always has an honest interest in the music. Even when it's James Brown, the idol, they come to hear James' soul. They're not there to tear his clothes or "let's freak out, that's James Brown." James Brown could come out with swans and strings and balloons and wear a clown outfit - anything - but to the people it would still be James.

Dylan's kids aren't there to hear Dylan's soul. The kids got dragged with Dylan when he got a band.

But Dylan figured, "Hey, this is groovy, not going out there up against those kids. I'm gonna lay up for a while and dig it." He must have writtens tons of stuff then. He's always scribbling little things on paper. His brain is so alive. You can almost see electricity pulsing out of his eyes. I sure would like to be his friend again. □
mike & jim

(Latest album/John Wesley Harding - Columbia)



The Incredible History Of **THE MOTHERS** *(By Frank Zappa)*



Although the Mothers have been in existence for about three years, the project was carefully planned about four and a half years ago. I had been looking for the right people for a long time.

I was in advertising before I got into...ha... show business. I'd done a little motivational research. One of the laws of economics is that if there is a demand, somebody ought to supply that demand and they'll get rich.

I composed a composite, gap-filling product that fills most of the gaps between so-called serious music and the so-called popular music. Next, I needed my own group to present this music to the public.

The group that was to become the Mothers was working in the Broadside, a little bar in Pomona, California.

Jim Black, the drummer, had just come to California from Kansas. He got together with Roy Estrada, the bass player. They'd been working terrible jobs in Orange County, which is a bad place to live unless you belong to the John Birch Society.

They got a band together with Ray Hunt on guitar, Dave Coronado on sax and Ray Collins as lead vocalist. They called themselves the Soul Giants and they were doing straight commercial rhythm and blues -- "Gloria," "Louie, Louie," you got it.

Then Ray Hunt decided he didn't like Ray Collins and started playing the wrong changes behind him when he was singing. A fight ensued, Ray Hunt decided to quit, the band needed a guitar player, so they called me up.

I started working with them at the Broad-

side, I thought they sounded pretty good. I said, "Okay, you guys, I've got this plan. We're going to get rich. You probably won't believe this now, but if you just bear with me we'll go out and do it."

Dave Coronado said, "No. I don't want to do it. We'd never be able to get any work if we played that kind of music. I've got a job in a bowling alley in La Puente, and I think I'm gonna split." So he did. I think he's got a band now called Dave Coronado and his Sagebrush Ramblers, or something like that.

There were four original Mothers - Ray Collins, Jim Black, Roy Estrada and myself. We starved for about ten months because we were playing a type of music that was grossly unpopular in that area. They couldn't identify

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WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

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•(Sweet Sweet Baby) SINCE YOU'VE BEEN GONE

(As recorded by Aretha Franklin/
Atlantic)

ARETHA FRANKLIN
TED WHITE

Baby, baby sweet baby
There's something that I've just got to say
Baby, baby sweet baby
You left me hurtin' in a real cold way
Speak your name
And I feel a thrill
You said I do, and I said I will
I tell you to just be true
And give me just a little time
Way you hold me baby
I want you to be all mine
I've just been so blue
Since you've been gone
Baby, since you've been gone.

Baby, baby sweet baby
I didn't mean to run you away
It was tellin' on my lips
But not 'in my heart to say the things
that made you stray from me
I don't know what I'm gonna do
Got to get you back some how
I'm crying, take me back
Come soothe me please
If you walk in that door
I can get up off my knees
I've just been so blue
Since you've been gone
Since you've been gone
Oh I've been so lonely
Baby since you've been gone
I've been so lonely
Since you've been gone.

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•SCARBOROUGH FAIR

(As recorded by Simon & Garfunkel/
Columbia)

PAUL SIMON
ART GARFUNKEL

Are you going to Scarborough Fair
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
Remember me to one who lives there
She once was a true love of mine
Tell her to make me a cambric shirt
(On the side of a hill in the deep forest
green)
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
(Tracing a sparrow on snow crested
ground)
Without no seams nor needle work

(Blanket and bedclothes the child of the
mountain)
Then she'll be a true love of mine
(Sleeps unaware of the clarion call)
Tell her to find me an acre of land
(And on the side of a hill a sprinkling
of leaves)
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
(Washes the grave with silvery tears)
Between the salt water and the sea stran
(A soldier cleans and polishes a gun)
Then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to reap it with a cycle of leather
(War bellows blazing and scarlet
battalions)
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
(Generals order their soldiers to kill)
And gather it all in a bunch of heather
(And to fight for a cause they've long
ago forgotten)
Then she'll be a true love of mine.
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Music.

•IF YOU CAN WANT

(As recorded by Smokey Robinson &
The Miracles/Tamla)

WM. ROBINSON

Oh you may not love me now
But I'm stayin' around cause you want
my company
Just like push can turn to shove
Like can turn to love
It's my philosophy
That if you can want, you can need
And if you can need, you can care
If you can care, you can love
Now say when you want me I'll be there
Said whenever you want me I'll be there.

Oh now this may take some time
But if time was money I would be a
millionaire
So whenever you want me call
Any time at all and it's for sure I'll
be right there
Cause if you can want, you can need
And if you can need, baby you can care
If you can care, you can love
Say when you want me I'll be there, yeah
(I'll be there) whenever you want me
oh yeah.

I'll be standing by like always
Let your heart give me a sign
Cause I'm prepared to wait until that
future date
When you want me all the time
Cause if you can want, you can need
And if you can need, baby you can care
If you can care, you can love
Say when you want me I'll be there
(I'll be there) whenever you want me.
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•SOUND ASLEEP

(As recorded by The Turtles/White Whale)

HOWARD KAYLAN
MARK VOLMAN
JIM PONS
AL NICHOL
JOHNNY BARBATA

Day time dreaming
Getting involved only half way deep
Night time scheming
Seeming to be like I'm sound asleep.

Sound asleep, spending my time on a dream
That I'm about to see come true
Keeping my mind on you
Winter, springing, summer will fall
Drifting away day by day
Farther away, far away
The farther away, the farther away
The better I feel.

Children singing
Something for all little you's and me's
Night time scheming
Seeming to be like I'm sound asleep.

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•THAT'S A LIE

(As recorded by Ray Charles/ABC)

RAY CHARLES
JIMMY HOLIDAY

Now listen baby
Before you walk out on me
All you hear and the half you see
Ain't nothing but a lie
Believe me girl it's just a lie
No matter how hard people may try
Don't let nobody make you cry
'Cause it's a lie girl.

Listen when your friends call you on
the telephone
And say I don't love you
And you just sigh and moan
'Cause it's a lie baby
You know it's a lie, don't you baby
No matter how hard they may try
Don't let nobody make you cry
'Cause it's a lie baby.

I work so hard
I'm trying to get ahead
And then I fight all night
About some things the neighbors said
They say I beat you each and every night
That's just as wrong as sayin' black is
white

And you know that's a lie baby
No matter how hard they may try
Don't you let nobody make you cry
'Cause it's a lie girl.

I got one more thing I wanna say
I like your momma but I wish she'd
leave us alone
And stop sayin' I'm cheatin' every time
I leave home
'Cause that's a lie
Oh it ain't nothing but a lie, girl
No matter how hard she may try
Don't even let your momma make you cry
'Cause it's a lie, baby
Wait a minute now
Please don't get mad at me
I'm just tryin' to tell you what the truth is
You know it's a lie, don't you honey.

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•CAB DRIVER

(As recorded by The Mills Bros./Dot)

CARSON PARKS
Cab driver, drive by Mary's place
I just want a chance to see her face
Don't stop the meter, let it race
Cab driver, drive by Mary's place.

Cab driver, once more 'round the block
Never mind the ticking of the clock
I only wish we could have had a talk
Cab driver, once more 'round the block.

Cab driver, once more down the street
There's the little place we used to eat
That's where I laid my future at her feet
Cab driver, once more down the street.

Cab driver, wait here by the door
Perhaps I'll hold her in my arms once
more
And then things will be just like they
were before
Cab driver, wait here by her door.

Cab driver, better take me home
I guess that I was meant to be alone
I hope God sends me a loved one of my
own

Cab driver, better take me home.
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•I'M GONNA MAKE YOU LOVE ME

(As recorded by Madeline Bell/
Phillips)

K. GAMBLE
J. ROSS
J. WILLIAMS

I'm gonna do all the things for you
A man wants a girl to do, oh baby
I'll sacrifice for you
I'd even do wrong too, oh baby
Every minute, every hour
I'm gonna shower you with love and
affection
Look out it's comin' in your direction
I'm gonna make you love me
Yes I will, yes I will
I'm gonna make you love me
Yes I will, yes I will.

My love is strong you see
I know you'll never get tired of me, oh
baby

I'm gonna use every trick in the book
To try my best to get you hooked, oh
baby

Every night, every day
I'm gonna say
I'm gonna get you, I'm gonna get you
Look out boy cause I'm gonna get you
I'm gonna make you love me
Yes I will, yes I will
I'm gonna make you love me
Yes I will, you know I will.

Every night, every day
I'm gonna say
I'm gonna get you
I'm gonna get you
Look out boy cause I'm gonna get you
I'm gonna make you love me
Yes I will, I believe I will
You know that I'm gonna make you love
me
Yes I will, yes I will.

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•FOR YOUR PRECIOUS LOVE

(As recorded by Jackie Wilson & Count Basie/Brunswick)

JERRY BUTLER
ARTHUR BROOKS
RICHARD BROOKS

For your precious love
Means more to me
Than any love can ever be
For when I wanted you, baby
I was lonely, I was so blue, baby
And that's what love, love will do.

And darling, I was so surprised
That you know I failed to realize
That you, you were just foolin' me
And darling they say that our love will
not grow
I look at 'em and I tell 'em you just
don't know

For as long as you're in love with me
Our love will grow wider, deeper than any
sea

And of all the things Jackie wants in this
whole wide world

Is for you to tell me, tell me you'll be
my girl

Wanting you, I'm so lonely baby
For your, your precious love
Baby, I've been lonesome and you know
I need somebody like you.

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•CRY LIKE A BABY

(As recorded by the Box Tops/Mala)

DAN PENN
SPOONER OLDHAM

When I think about the good love you
gave me
I cry like a baby
Living without you is driving me crazy
I cry like a baby
Well, I know now that you're not a
plaything
Not a toy or a puppet on a string
Today we passed on the street but you
just walked on by
My heart just fell to my feet and once
I begin to cry.

As I look back on a love so sweet now
I cry like a baby
Every road is a lonely street
I cry like a baby
Well, I know now that you're not a
plaything
Not a toy or a puppet on a string
Today we passed on the street
But you just walked on by
My heart just fell to my feet and once
again I begin to cry.

When I think about the good love you
gave me
I cry like a baby
Living without you is driving me crazy
I cry like a baby
I know that you're not a plaything
I cry like a baby
A little bitty baby.
As I look back on a love so sweet now
I cry like a baby
A little bitty baby
Every road is a lonely street
I cry like a baby
My heart just fell at your feet
I cry like a baby.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•PLAYBOY

(As recorded by Gene & Debbie/TRX)
GENE THOMAS

Hey boy, to me you're just a playboy
Never mean a word you say, boy
I'm so afraid you'll go away and leave
me lonely
Why girl do you believe a lie girl
Why can't you see that you're my girl
Believe me when I say to you
I love you only
And never know that love could hurt
me like this.

Till you came along with your kiss
Then I fell under your spell
Knowing quite well that you would
only hurt me
Gee girl why can't I make you see girl
Just what you mean to me girl
Then you would know I'd never go
away without you
Oh boy I wish that I could know boy
If what you say is so boy
Then I would never care what they all
say about you
I never knew that love could hurt me
like this
Till you came along with your kiss
Then I fell knowing quite well
That someone would tell you I would
only hurt you
Hey now does it matter what they say
Gonna love you anyway now
If you and I would fight together
I know we'll find love.

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•TEN COMMANDMENTS OF LOVE

(As recorded by Peaches & Herb/Date)
M. PAUL

Thou shall never love another
(Thou shall never love another)
And stand by me all the while
(And stand by me all the while)
Take happiness with the heartaches
(Take happiness with the heartaches)
And go through life wearing a smile
Oh how happy we would be if we keep
the ten commandments of love, of love.

Thou should always have faith in me
(Thou should always have faith in me)
In everything I say and do
(In everything I say and do)
Love me with all your heart and soul
(Love me with all your heart and soul)
Until our life on earth is through
Oh how happy we would be if we keep
the ten commandments of love.

Love oh sweet love
It's oh so grand
You will find since the beginning of time
It has ruled in all the land.

Come to me when I am lonely
(Darling, come to me when I am lonely)
Kiss me when you hold me tight
(Kiss me when you hold me tight)
Treat me sweet and gentle
(Treat me sweet and gentle)
When we say goodnight
Oh how happy we would be if we keep
the ten commandments of love
Oh how happy we would be if we keep
the ten commandments of love.

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•HEY HEY BUNNIE

(As recorded by John Fred & His Play-
boy Band/Paula)

**ANDREW BERNARD
JOHN FRED**

Well I just got to my Bunnie
And I'm feeling oh so good
My baby's got a new dress
And she's looking like she should
She's working on a new way
And I think she's made the scene
I dig the way she does it
Man it's really, really mean.

Hey Bunnie, you're cooking
Hey Bunnie, got me looking.
Hey Bunnie, you're really, really
cooking
Hey Bunnie, you've really got me looking
Hey Bunnie, you're really, really cooking.

She's changed her rags to perfume
And she's got me all confused
Her picture's on the front page
Y'all she's really made the news
Now she can't cook no supper
But I know that she's alert
She knows just how to treat me
Put the cream on my dessert
(Repeat chorus)

Hey Bunnie, you make me feel so funny
The night time is something with you
Hey Bunnie, my Bunnie
Hey, hey Bunnie, Hey, hey Bunnie
Hey Bunnie.
(Repeat chorus).

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Co., Inc.

•GREEN LIGHT

(As recorded by The American
Breed/Acta)

**ANNETTE TUCKER
NANCIE MANTZ**

When you were just a child
You built a wall in your sheltered world
Like an antique doll
You always took and never learned
to give

Don't you know that ain't no way to
live
It's time that you were changin' your
life needs rearrangin'
Gimme the green light
Come on baby
Turn on the green light
Let's go baby
How can I break down your resistance
When you just keep me at a distance

The basic facts of life have been denied
You've buried your emotions deep inside
Don't keep runnin' in the wrong direction
Come on, baby, give me some affection
Now I respect your virtue
But one kiss wouldn't hurt you
Gimme the green light
Come on baby
Turn on the green light
Let's go baby
How can I break down your resistance
When you just keep me at a distance
Gimme the green light
Come on baby
Turn on the green light
Let's go baby.

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•JENNIFER JUNIPER

(As recorded by Donovan/Epic)
D. LEITCH

Jennifer Juniper lives upon the hill
Jennifer Juniper sitting very still
Is she sleeping?
I don't think so
Is she breathing?
Yes very low
What'cha doing Jennifer my love.

Jennifer Juniper rides a dappled mare
Jennifer Juniper, lillacs in her hair
Is she dreaming?
Yes I think so
Is she pretty?
Yes ever so
What'cha doing Jennifer my love.

I'm thinking of what it would be like
if she loved me
You know just lately this happy song
did come along
And I had to some how try and tell you.

Jennifer Juniper hair of golden flax
Jennifer Juniper longs for what she lacks
Do you like her?
Yes I do sir
Do you love her
Yes I do sir
What'cha doing Jennifer my love
Jennifer Juniper
Jennifer Juniper
Jennifer Juniper.

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•(UP TO MY NECK IN) HIGH MUDDY WATERS

(As recorded by The Stone Poneys/
Capitol)

**BOB YELLIN
JOHN HERALD
FRANK WAKEFIELD**

And now I'll swim ashore
For I know I'll make it
Although I'm up to my neck in high
muddy waters.

Now the water's deep and wide
Can't hold out long this way
If I could stem the tide
Perhaps I'd find a way
Now I see the distant stir
And I hear a reckless sound
And something seems to say
I'm bound for higher ground.

So now I'm swimming ashore
And I know I'll make it
Although I'm up to my neck in high
muddy waters.

Now the sun has risen late
But I'm safe at last, my friend
Deep water was my fate
And now I've reached the end.

Yes now I'll swim ashore
And I know I'll make it
Oh yes, cause I'm up to my neck in high
muddy waters.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•(SITTIN' ON) THE DOCK OF THE BAY

(As recorded by Otis Redding/Volt)

STEVE CROPPER
OTIS REDDING

Sittin' in the morning sun
I'll be sittin' when the evening comes
Watching the ships roll in
Then I watch 'em roll away again, yeah
I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay
Watching that tide roll in
Just sittin' on the dock of the bay
wastin' time.

I left my home in Georgia
Headed for the Frisco Bay
I had nothing to live for
Looks like nothing's gonna come my way
So I'm just sittin' on the dock of the bay
Watching the tide roll in
I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay
wastin' time.

Looks like nothing's gonna change
Everything still remains the same
I can't do what ten people tell me to do
So I guess I'll remain the same
Just sittin' here resting my bones
And this loneliness won't leave me alone
This 2,000 miles I roamed just to make
this dock my home
Now I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay
Watching the tide roll in
Sittin' on the dock of the bay
wastin' time.

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•MAYBE JUST TODAY

(As recorded by Bobby Vee/Liberty)

MARTHA SHARP

Baby I don't need to know
Who your big love was yesterday
And there's no way to tell if you and I
are gonna make it all the way
Because what's past is past
And what will last
Well, girl is gonna last
All that matters is today and tomorrow
Baby, and baby maybe just today.

The times they are a-changin', girl
With ever quickening speed
Ah but today I want to give you all the
love

And laughter that you need
Cause what is done is done
And what's to come
Well, baby let it come
All that matters is today and tomorrow
Baby, and baby maybe just today.

Don't be afraid to live for the moment
Trust me and love me this way
If you keep looking back or thinking
ahead

Baby, we're gonna miss out on today
Because what's past is past
And what will last
Well, girl is gonna last
All that matters is today and tomorrow
Baby, and baby maybe just today.

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•COLD FEET

(As recorded by Albert King/Stax)

ALBERT KING

AL JACKSON, JR.

Two, three, four
He keeps raisin' and sayin' about playin'
this chord
He ain't hittin' the B flat right
I'm gonna make a hit if it's the last thing
I do
If I don't come home to you
You'll put your cold feet on me
Get up and warm your feet woman
Hangin' around the studio for three days in
a row now

Thinking nobody can get a hit out of here
but Sam & Dave, Rufus Thomas, and
Carla Thomas and Eddie Floyd
They're the only ones know how to play
the blues

I can play the blues myself
I'm gonna give every disc jockey the blues
across the country

If he don't dig this he's got a hole in his
soul

If you hear a little fuss it ain't nobody but
us.

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•COUNTRY GIRL, CITY MAN

(As recorded by Billy Vera & Judy Clay/
Atlantic)

CHIP TAYLOR

TED DARYLL

I was born in New York City
I was born in Georgia
Girl you're lookin' kinda pretty
Don't you think we oughta
Get to know each other better
Take the time to find out while we can
Gotta be some soul between a country girl
and a city man
We could find, we could find it's groovy
just to cross the line.

City boy had your eggs and bacon
You were raised on cornbread
The rooster crowed while I was wakin'
'Bout the time I was going to bed
Bet we got a lot in common
Take the time to find out while we can
Gotta be some soul between a country girl
and a city man

We could find, we could find it's groovy
just to cross the line.

We could find, we could find it's groovy
just to cross the line

He was born in New York City
She was born in Georgia
Girl you're lookin' fine
Don't you think we oughta
Get to know each other better
Take the time to find out while we can
Gotta be some soul between a country girl
and a city man
We could find, we could find it's groovy
just to cross the line.

That man's from New York City
She's a girl from Georgia town
We could find, we could find it's groovy
just to cross the line.

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Inc.

•VALLERI

(As recorded by The Monkees/
Colgems)

T. BOYCE

B. HART

There's a girl I know
Who makes me feel so good
And I wouldn't live without her even if
I could
I call her Valleri
I call her Valleri
She's the same little girl that used to hang
around my door
But she sure looks different than the
way she did before
Her name is Valleri
Her name is Valleri.

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•SUDDENLY YOU LOVE ME

(As recorded by The Tremeloes/Epic)

PETER CALLANDER

D. PACE

M. PANZERI

L. PILAT

Wa-oh wa-oh wa
Oh there's never been a woman who could
treat me like you do
Who could trample on my pride and play
around as much as you
Well you really shake my mind up
With your cheating and your lies
Till at last I make my mind-up and I turn
to say goodbye, say goodbye,
Suddenly you love me and your arms are
open wide
Suddenly there's nothing that could tear
you from my side
Every time it happens as I turn to walk
away
Suddenly you love me and I know I gotta
stay
Zai zai zai zai zai zai zai zai zai
Zai zai zai zai zai zai zai zai zai.

When you find your fascination in the arms
of other guys
You must know my reputation comes to
nothing in their eyes
Still you take off in a hurry anytime it
pleases you
And you only start to worry when I say
I'm leaving you, leaving you

Suddenly you love me and your arms
open wide
Suddenly there's nothing that could tear
you from my side
Every time it happens as I turn to walk
away
Suddenly you love me and I know I
gotta stay
Zai zai zai zai zai zai zai zai zai
Zai zai zai zai zai zai zai zai zai
Wa-oh wa-oh wa-oh.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•WILL YOU LOVE ME TOMORROW

(As recorded by The Four Seasons/Phillips)

GERRY GOFFIN

CAROLE KING

Tonight you're mine completely
You give your love so sweetly
Tonight the light of love is in your eyes
But will you love me tomorrow

Is this a lasting treasure
Or just a moment's pleasure
Can I believe the magic of your sighs
Will you still love me tomorrow

Tonight with words unspoken
You say that I'm the only one
But will my heart be broken
When the night meets the morning sun
I have to know that your love
Is love I can be sure of
So tell me now and I'll never ask again
Will you still love me tomorrow.

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•MEN ARE GETTIN' SCARCE

(As recorded by Joe Tex/Dial)

JOE TEX

Girls listen, I'm gonna cool you cooks to something

Listen to this

Men are gettin' scarce girls

Gettin' scarce as hen's teeth, yeah

Men are gettin' scarce girls

Gettin' scarce as hen's teeth, yeah

There used to be a time

When a woman could get a man with just her charms

Now in order for a woman to get a man
She gotta, she gotta take him
She gotta take him, she gotta take him,
She gotta take him right out of another woman's arms

Men are gettin' scarce girls

Oh they're gettin' scarce girls

Gettin' scarce as hen's teeth (ha ha)

And that's might scarce

Listen to this

I was talkin' to this woman the other day

Now she said, she was gonna quit her man

'Cause he wasn't makin' enough money on his job

Can you get to that, look here, huh

Women are funny though

Every time her car is runnin' good

They say chile, that's my car (laughter)

Soon as it gets to runnin' bad

She say ah I don't want that ole car,

that's his car (laughter)

Listen she gonna say to me

She said the other day, she said

It runs hot, it burns oil, this ole car is beat and rundown

The other day the battery fell dead right in the heart of town, embarrassin' me

Let me tell you one thing baby

You tell that man to get a tune up on that car

Get a new set of spark plugs, some brand new tires and a new water pump and you keep that man

'Cause let me tell you one thing right now

Men are gettin' scarce girls

Ah they're gettin' scarce girls

•IN THE MIDNIGHT HOUR

(As recorded by The Mirettes/Revue)

PICKETT

CROPPER

I'm gonna wait till the midnight hour

To see my love come tumblin' down

I'm gonna wait till the midnight hour

When there's no one else around.

I'm gonna squeeze you girl, hold you
And do all the things I told you in the
midnight hour

Yes, I am. Oh, yes, I am.

I'm gonna wait till the stars come out
That twinkle in your eyes

I'm gonna wait till the midnight hour

That's when my love begins to shine.

You're the only girl I love

That really tells me so.

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•JUST DROPPED IN

(As recorded by The First Edition/Reprise)

MICKY NEWBURY

Jumped up this morning with the sun
down shinin' in

Found my broken mind in a brown paper bag

But then I tripped on a cloud and fell eight miles high

Tore my mind on the jagged sky

I just dropped in to see what condition my condition was in.

Pushed my soul in a deep dark hole and followed it in

When I met myself crawling out as I was crawling in

Got up so tight I couldn't unwind

Saw so much it nearly broke my mind

I just dropped in to see what condition my condition was in.

Someone painted April Fool in big black letters on a Dead End sign

I had my foot on the gas when I left the road and blew out my mind

Eight miles out of Memphis and I got no spare

Eight miles straight downtown somewhere I just dropped in to see what condition my condition was in.

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•LOVEY DOVEY

(As recorded by Otis & Carla/Stax)

A. ERTEGUN

M. CURTIS

You're the sweetest thing that I have ever seen

I really love you baby

I'm gonna shake your tree

Lovey dovey, lovey dovey all the time, all right

Lovey dovey, I can't get you out of my mind.

Every time you kiss me you just thrill me so

I'll never, never, never, ever let you go

Lovey dovey, lovey dovey all the time

Lovey dovey, I can't get you out of my mind, all right.

I sigh with the feeling

When you're near me

I'm as high as the ceiling

Otis hear me cause I love you baby more and more every day

You're something good to me baby

You're just so sweet to me.

Love you baby like I do my ma

I love you, love you baby

And your sweet little charms

Lovey dovey, lovey dovey all the time, come on

Lovey dovey, I can't get you out of my mind.

Said I sigh with the feeling

When you're near me

I'm as high as the ceiling

Otis hear me

'Cause I'm sayin' that I love you honey

Place no one above you

You do something good baby

I'm telling you baby

You're just a lovey dovey, lovey dovey, lovey dovey.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•JEALOUS LOVE

(As recorded by Wilson Pickett/Atlantic)

**BOBBY WOMACK
KING CURTIS**

Jealous love, jealous love of mine
Jealous love why can't you trust me some time
Look-a-here you be so sweet yet so kind
You're killing my love with your jealous mind
Jealous love, I wanna say one more time
Oh you oughta trust me some time.

I take you baby, everywhere I go
But your good intentions seem to never, never show
Every time a pretty girl walks by
I catch you watchin' me baby out the corner of my eye
To be so sweet and yet so kind
Oh you're killing my love with your jealous mind
Jealous love, I wanna say it one more time
Oh you oughta trust me some time.

I'm home from work every day on time
You got your hand in my pocket for that number you thought you'd find
Jealous love, I wanna say it one more time
Oh you oughta trust me some time,
Jealous love, jealous love, jealous love.
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•WALK AWAY RENEE

(As recorded by The Four Tops/Motown)

**MIKE BORWN
TONY SANSONE
BOB CALILLI**

And when I see the sign that points one way
The lot we used to pass by every day
Just walk away Renee
You won't see me follow you back home
The empty sidewalks on my block are not the same
You're not to blame
Just walk away Renee
You won't see me follow you back home,
Now as the rain beats down upon my weary heart for me it cries.

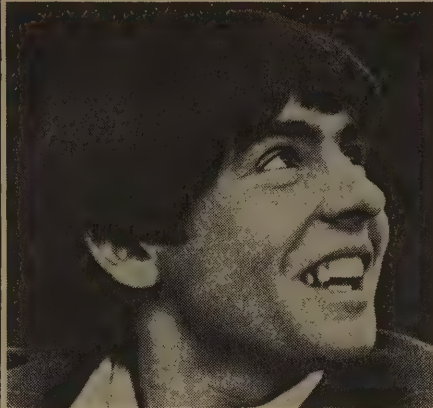
From deep inside the tears that I force to cry
From deep inside the pain that I chose to hide
Just walk away Renee
You won't see me follow you back home
Now as the rain beats down upon my weary heart for me it cries.

Just walk away Renee
You won't see me follow you back home
Now as the rain beats down upon my weary heart for me it cries.

Your name and mine inside a heart upon a wall
Still finds a way to haunt me though they're so small
Just walk away Renee

You won't see me follow you back home
Now as the rain beats down upon my weary heart for me it cries.

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•TAPIOCA TUNDRA

(As recorded by The Monkees/Calgems)

MIKE NESMITH

Reasoned verse some prose or rhyme
Lose themselves in other times
And waiting hopes cast silent spells
That speak in clouded clues
It cannot be a part of me for now it's part of you.

Sunshine, rag time, blowing in the breeze
Midnight looks right standing more at ease
Silhouettes and figures stay
Close to what he had to say
And one more time the faded dream
Is saddened by the news
It cannot be a part of me for now it's a part of you.

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•GOT WHAT YOU NEED

(As recorded by Fantastic Johnny C/Phil LA of Soul)

JESSE JAMES

Baby I got what you need
Come on and get it, yeah
I got what you need
Come on and get it, yeah
Now if you need good lovin' baby
I got it, I got it
Now If you need a good huggin' baby
I got it, I got it
If you need a little soul now baby
I got it, I got it
And a heart that's pure as gold baby
I got it, I got it
You don't have to be lonely
You don't have to be blue
'Cause I got enough good lovin' for you baby
To last the whole life through
Said I got just what you need now
Come on and get it yeah
I've got what you need now
Come on and get it now.

The way I love you baby
My love is all you need
'Cause baby, baby, baby
It's guaranteed to please
Said I, if you need understanding baby
I got it, I got it
And a love that's not second-hand baby
I got it, I got it
Said I got it, I got it yeah.

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•SIMON SAYS

(As recorded by 1910 Frutigum Company/Buddah)

E. CHIPRUT

I like to play a game that is so much fun
And it's not so very hard to do
The name of the game is simple Simon says
And I would like for you to play it too

Put your hands in the air
(Simple Simon says)
Shake them all about
(Simple Simon says)
Do it when Simon says
(Simple Simon says)
And you will never be out.

Simple Simon says put your hands on your hips
Let your backbone slip Simon says
Simple Simon says put your hands on your hips
Let your backbone slip Simon says

Put your hands on your head
(Simple Simon says)
Bring them down by your side
(Simple Simon says)
Shake them to your left
(Simple Simon says)
Now shake them to your right
Put your hands on your head
(Simple Simon says)
Bring them down by your side
(Simple Simon says)
Shake them to your left
(Simple Simon says)
Now shake them to your right.

Now that you have learned to play this game with me
You can see it's not so hard to do
Let's try it once again, this time more carefully
And I hope the winner will be you

Clap your hands in the air
(Simple Simon says)
Do it double time
(Simple Simon says)
Slow it down like before
(Simple Simon says)
Ah you're lookin' fine
(Simple Simon says)
Now clap them high in the air
(Simple Simon says)
Do it double time
(Simple Simon says)
Slow it down like before
(Simple Simon says)
Ah you're lookin' fine.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

(As recorded by The Doors/Elektra)
THE DOORS

Wait until the war is over
And we're both a little older
The unknown soldier
Practice where the news is read
Television, children dead
Unborn, living, living dead
Bullet strikes the helmet's head
And it's all over for the unknown
soldier
It's all over for the unknown soldier.

Make a grave for the unknown soldier
Nestled in your hollow shoulder
The unknown soldier
Practice as the news is read
Television, children dead
Bullet strikes the helmet's head
It's all over, the war is over.
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•NO ONE KNOWS

(As recorded by Every Mother's Son/
MGM)

LARRY KUSIK
RITCHIE ADAMS
WES FARRELL

When I walk through town now
I act like a clown now
Havin' fun (havin' fun)
But my heart's dyin' and my soul is
cryin'
Life is down (life is down)
On the surface I come across like a
happy-go-lucky man
No one knows how I feel inside
No one knows all the tears I hide
No one knows that the days are draggin'
me down, down, down, no one knows.

Friends keep asking whether we still
go together
I say yeah (I say yeah)
How I wish that I knew where to look
to find you
I'd be there (I'd be there)
All that's real has become a lie
Without you I wanna die
No one knows how I feel inside
No one knows all the tears I hide
No one knows that the days are draggin'
me down, down, down, no one knows.

Someday someone's bound to see through
me
And discover I'm just a clown pretending
you still love me
When you're no longer around
No one knows how I feel inside
No one knows all the tears I hide
No one knows that the days are draggin'
me down, down, down, no one knows.
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Tunes, Inc.



•I THANK YOU

(As recorded by Sam & Dave/Stax)
ISAAC HAYES
DAVID PORTER

I want everybody to get up off your seat
And get your arms together and your
hands together
And give me some of that ole soul
clappin'
You didn't have to love me like you did
But you did, but you did
And I thank you
You didn't have to squeeze me like you
did
But you did, but you did
And I thank you
If you took your love somewhere else
I wouldn't know what it meant to be
loved to death
You make me feel like I never felt
Kisses so good I have to holler for help
Didn't have to squeeze me like you did
But you did, but you did
And I thank you
You didn't have to hold me like you did
But you did, but you did
And I thank you
Every day was something new
You pull out your band and your fine
to do
You've got me tryin' new things too
Just so I can keep up with you
You didn't have to shake me like you did
But you did, but you did
And I thank you
You didn't have to make it like you did
But you did, but you did
And I thank you.
All my life I've been shortchanged
Without your love baby, it's a cryin'
shame
And now I know what the fellows are
talking about
When they say that they been turned on
I wanna thank you, thank you, thank you
Oh baby thank you baby
You didn't have to love me like you did
But you did, but you did
And I thank you
You didn't have to hold me like you did
But you did, but you did
And I thank you.

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•TOO MUCH TALK (And Not Enough Action)

(As recorded by Paul Revere & The
Raiders/Columbia)
MARK LINDSAY

Read the news in the Times today
Said the world is going 'round
I don't care what somebody says
Somebody always puts 'em down
Red or yellow, black or white
Are you left-handed or are you right
When you open your eyes can you see
the light
Do you wake up dreaming in the middle
of the night.

Too much talk and not enough action
Do you know anybody getting satisfaction
Everybody wonders 'bout the crowd
reaction
And the world gets better by a very small
fraction
Turn around till you see your face
And it won't be very long
Someone soon will be in your place
And it won't be very long.
(Repeat chorus).

Now's our chance to change the world,
change the world with love, with love.
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•EVERYTHING THAT TOUCHES YOU

(As recorded by The Association/
Warner Bros.)

TERRY KIRKMAN

In my most secure moments
I still can't believe
I'm spending those moments with you
And the ground I am walking
The air that I breathe
Are shared at those moments with you
You love for real
You show the feel
Of everything that touches you.

In the songs I've been singing
One of the phrases comes close to the
feeling of you
But I never suspected that one of those
days
The wish of a song would come true
You love for real
You show the feel
Of everything that touches you.

You are of gracefulness
You are of happiness
You are what I would guess to be most
like
What I've been singing love, love, love,
love.

In the songs I've been singing
One of the phrases comes close to the
feeling of you
But I never suspected that one of these
days
The wish of a song would come true
You love for real
You show the feel
Of everything that touches you
Love, love, love, love
Everything is love, love, love, love, love, love
Everything is love, love, love, love, love.
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MUSIC SPOTLIGHT

Did you ever feel gypped buying an American album with twelve songs, knowing that the same British album has fourteen songs? Well, maybe you'll feel better next time knowing why this happens. For many years it has been an established policy for England to release albums with fourteen cuts. In America, the policy has been twelve, sometimes ten. Along with these standard releases (there is no law that governs this... it is simply a matter of choice), there are standard contractual arrangements concerning royalties to three parties: the performer, the song publisher and the songwriter. The minimum royalty paid to the songwriter alone is two cents per song. Say he has twelve songs on an album, he gets twenty-four cents for every album sold. If the American album includes the extra two songs from the British album, the record company has to shell out four cents more than usual and production costs get out of hand. In general, royalty arrangements are lower in England, so British record companies can afford to put fourteen songs in an album. When an American album is released in England, two songs are usually added even if they have to be recorded specifically for England only. We lose out either way, so maybe you won't feel better next time you buy an album. Here's another kicker. Who says which songs get left out and which stay in on the British albums released here? That probably boils down to personal taste or eenie-meenie-minie-moe. We heard a cut from the Jimi Hendrix British album, "Are You Experienced," that wasn't included on the American album, and it's a truly inspired performance—better than any of the tracks we have on the Reprise album. If it happened here, it's probably the case with many of the other British-American albums. You can't fight city hall, but you can write to England and get the British versions. Here's one British mail order shop that is well stocked. The cost of any British LP is \$6.00, and the price includes air mail service. The address is Record Center Ltd., Nuneaton, England, but why don't you write first to be sure? The *Yech Award* goes to "Itchycoo Park" by the *Small Faces*. This psycho junk is getting to be a drag. Also to the "choral group" trend. The sweet harmony was nice when the *Mamas and Papas* did it, but they've dropped out for a fresher, haven't they? Best records this month are "I Heard It Through The Grapevine" by *Gladys Knight & The Pips*, "I Thank You" by *Sam & Dave* and "Guitar Man" by *Elvis Presley*. Do not miss these two Gospel albums on Atlantic: "The Gospel Chimes - SR007" and "Institutional Church Choir - SR008." □



MAMAS & PAPAS



ELVIS PRESLEY



SAM & DAVE



THE SMALL FACES



CHARLIE WATTS

*At Home
With A Stone*

A Rolling Stone, having rolled, has come to rest in a magnificent, centuries-old manor home just outside Lewes in Sussex, which was reputedly used by the first Archbishop of Canterbury as a hunting lodge and was formerly inhabited by Lord Shawcross, a former attorney general.

You can almost feel the history of Charlie Watts' home, which is not far from his former Lewes home, in the time-worn bends of great oak beams and the vast open fireplaces that yawn like mysterious caves.

Charlie has apparently got more personal satisfaction out of his success than any other of the other Stones. His home is a reflection of his own artistic taste and that of his delightful wife, Shirley. They have filled the rooms with antiques, ornaments and paintings collected from near and far.

There is a fine library of books in the living room, with the emphasis on art and authors who range from Dylan Thomas to Oscar Wilde. One magnificent volume which Charlie showed me was several hundred years old and contained beautiful prints somewhat ironically depicting the horrors of the Inquisition.

In contrast, on a nearby settee I noticed a copy of an American comic announcing the adventures of the Incredible Hulk and Giant-man. This proved to be the property of young cousin Andrew, who later introduced me to the delights of England footballer Jimmy Greaves singing "Strollin'," from an EP which had intruded into Charlie's collection of Modern Jazz giants.

There is the noble head of the Greek god Hypnos in green marble in the living room and a magnificent four-poster bed with a sword rack at its head in one of the bedrooms. There is a small room full of Victorian dolls with wicked china faces, which Shirley collects.

The study is stacked with rifles and revolvers from the American Civil War. Encased in glass is the Muster Roll for a troop of American cavalry which lists each man and his rank and how many dollars he drew in 1880. One trooper

is listed in small, neat handwriting as having been executed for stealing a rifle.

"Charlie's a decent old stick," affirmed the little taxi driver who drove me out to the Watts' residence.

"He's never miserable and always good to have a drink with. He calls us out quite a lot as he can't drive himself. Never out of bed when we go round, but then that wouldn't be Charlie if he was, would it?"

By the time we arrived at the house I knew Charlie had three cats, one called Louise, and three collies called Jake, Trim and Jess, and that he also owned a donkey and an eighteen-year-old racehorse called Energy.

"I rode him in a race when he was a three-year-old," affirmed my driver. "Good animal!"

Having requested the guided tour of Charlie's home and been instructed several times: "Don't print that or that" and told: "You can't be interested in that," I returned to the lounge where Charlie sprawled across the carpet and recalled times gone by.

"Two years ago it was like a nightmare," confessed Charlie. "The travelling and the speed of everything. There was no time to live. The English tours were the worst for the travelling and we had reporters and photographers practically living with us the whole time."

"You're the first journalist I've allowed through the door."

"The ones that really frighten me are the powerful writers on some of the Nationals. It's frightening to think that with a few well-chosen quotes or clever angles they are capable of destroying someone like John Lennon."

"Things are much easier now, but it's funny to sit back and read about like Peter Frampton, whom the press is building up like they did Mick. Strange to think that he is only eighteen and he is likely to go through all the things that we had to."

"I've got time to do things that I have never been able

to do before. Alan Price and his band came down to play in Lewes the other evening and I went down to hear him. Before, I've just swept in and out of dressing rooms, while with the Rolling Stones. Now I'm able to talk to people like Alan and just listen to the band. He was very good. I really enjoyed that evening."

We took a short break from talking while Charlie showed me some of his "toys." There are three mechanical robots on top of the TV set which, when set in motion, flap open their chests to reveal blazing suns. In contrast he has acquired a lovely old Edison phonograph with the huge bell and about thirty cylinders.

Charlie put on a stirring rendition of "Boys Of The Old Brigade" and asked me to guess how much the old machine had cost. I thought well over a hundred pounds.

"Thirty quid the lot," said Charlie proudly. "It's just knowing where to look that counts."

Back to the living room we filled the room with some more words and music. Charlie asked me what sort of music I liked, and I selected, from his huge selection of LP's that are catalogued on shelves about the room, a jazz-guitar album by Kenny Burrell. We discussed who, if anyone, was following in the Stones' rebellious footsteps.

"I saw the Who when they appeared on TV in all those weird policemen's hats, and Townshend had one of his teeth blacked out," recalled Charlie. "I liked that."

"The best thing I've seen in years, though, was Denny

Laine and his String Band at the Saville Theatre. He just doesn't seem to have got the recognition he deserves."

We played some more discs by the Four Tops and one by Jimmy Beaumont called "You Got Too Much Going For You," which is a particular favorite of Charlie's, before cousin Andrew finally introduced us to the delights of Tottenham Hotspur football team's "singalong" EP.

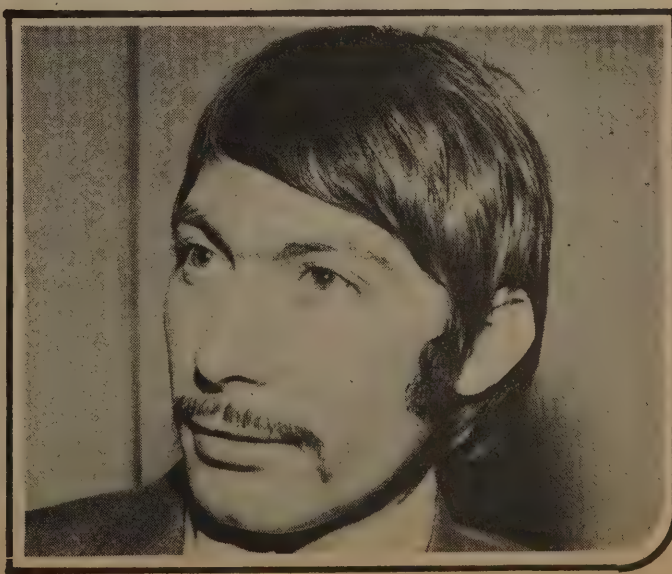
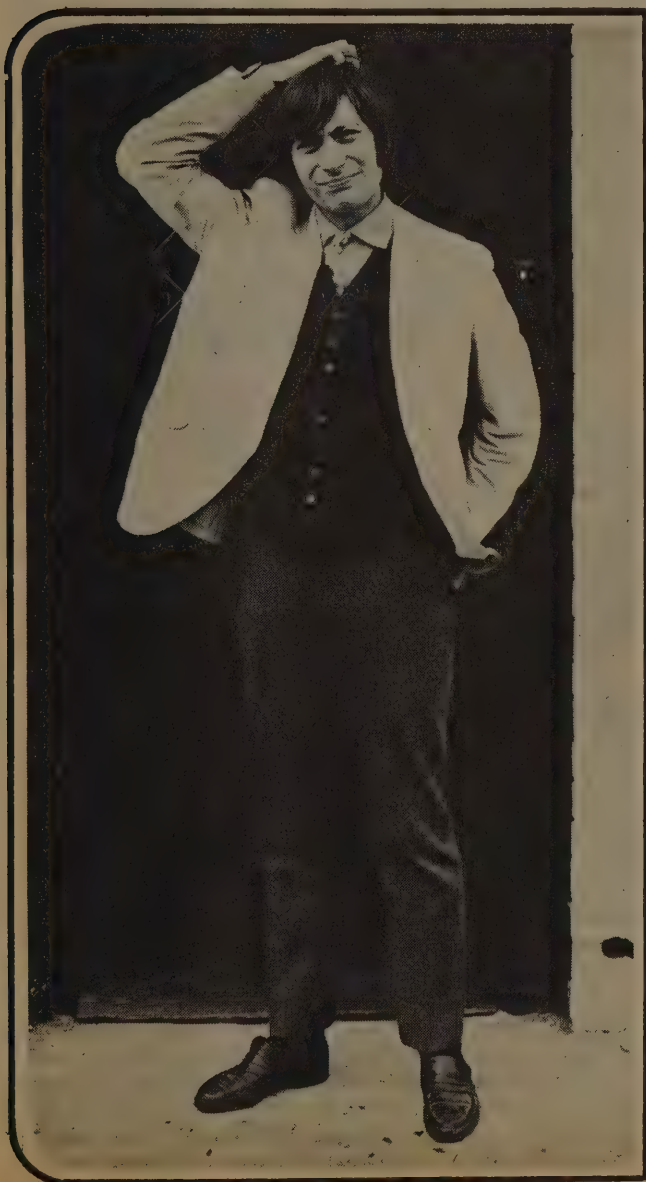
"You got to admit it was a good idea of somebody's," smiled Charlie as he listened to Greaves singing off-key and out of time on "Strollin'." "They must have sold thousands."

Charlie is not exactly a football fanatic but admitted to being greatly impressed by a display by Leicester City's goalkeeper, Shilton, recently.

"Unbelievable in this match on TV," said Charlie, "and only eighteen years old - must be joking." Those last three words are Charlie's final and only accolade for "impressive."

And so it was that Charlie and Andrew made plans to go and see "Quatermass And The Pit" on Sunday afternoon and we all decided to go into Brighton that evening for a Chinese meal. I borrowed two pounds from Charlie which he withdrew from a wooden tea caddy after much scraping.

"Won't leave you short at the end of the week, will it, mate?" I grinned and Charlie smiled that sad faraway smile which only the really satisfied can smile. □ keith altham
(Latest album/Their Satanic Majesties Request- London)



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THE MOTHERS

(continued from page 27)



with it.

So we got into the habit of insulting the audience. We made a big reputation that way. Nobody came to hear us play, they came in to see how much abuse they could take. They were very masochistic. They loved it.

We managed to get jobs on that basis but it didn't last very long because we'd eventually wind up abusing the owner of the club.

Then we decided we were going to the big city - Los Angeles - which was about thirty miles away.

We had added a girl to the group, Alice Stuart. She played guitar very well and sang well.

I had an idea for combining certain modal influences into our basically country blues sound. We were playing a lot of Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf-type stuff. Alice played good finger-style guitar, but she couldn't play "Louie, Louie," so I fired her.

Then we got Henry Vestine who is one of the most outstanding blues guitarists on any coast. He's really a monster. He was part of the group for quite some time. But our music kept getting progressively stranger and he couldn't identify with what we were doing and he wanted his freedom, so we said, 'Goodbye, Henry' and he split. He's in Canned Heat now.

Then Ray, the lead vocalist, quit and there were three Mothers. We hired Jim Guercio, who now manages Chad & Jeremy and produces records for the Buckingham. He was part of our group for a while.

Also, somewhere along the line, we had hired Steve Mann, who is also one of the top blues guitarists on the West Coast. He wanted to play in the group but he couldn't make the changes and we got rid of him.

Then we hired Elliot Ingber and Ray came back in the band and there were five Mothers. We cut our first album with those five - Ray, Roy, Jim, Elliot and myself.

Tom Wilson, who was producing records for MGM at the time, came to the Whiskey Au Go Go while we were a five-piece group, while Henry Vestine was still with us. He heard us sing "The Watts Riot Song (Trouble Every Day)." He stayed for five minutes, said "Yeah, yeah, yeah," slapped me on the back, shook my hand and said, "Wonderful. We're gonna make a record of you. Goodbye."

I didn't see him again for four months. He thought we were a rhythm and blues band. He probably went back to New York and said, "I signed me another rhythm and blues band from the Coast. They got this song about the riot. It's a protest song. They'll do a couple of singles and maybe they'll die out."

He came back to town just before we were going to do our first recording session. We had a little chat in his room and that was when he first discovered that that wasn't all that we played. Things started changing. We decided not to make a single, we'd make an album instead.

He wouldn't give me an idea of what the budget would be for the album, but the average rock and roll album costs about \$5,000. The start-to-finish coast of FREAK OUT was somewhere around \$21,000.

The first tune we cut was "Any Way The Wind Blows." Unfortunately, it's a bad mix, but the track is really good. Then we did "Who Are The Brain Police?" When Wilson heard those he was so impressed he got on the phone and called New York, and as a result I got a more or less unlimited budget to do this monstrosity.

The next day I had whipped up the arrangements for a twenty-two piece orchestra. It wasn't just a straight orchestra accompanying the singers. It was the Mothers five-piece band plus seventeen pieces. We all worked together.

The editing took a long time, which ran the cost up. Meanwhile, Wilson was sticking his neck out. He laid his job on the line by producing the album.

MGM felt that they had spent too much money on the album and they were about to let it die, but it started selling all over the place. Like, they'd sell forty copies in some little town the size of a pumpkin in Wyoming. We sold five thousand albums all over the country with no extra-hype or anything. Finally the company started pushing the album and sales went even higher.

We went to Hawaii right after the album was completed and we worked over there. Then we came back and worked with Andy Warhol at the Trip. It was the show that closed the Trip, as they say.

Then we went to San Francisco and played around there and finally...uh...Elliot had to be fired and there were five. Just before we fired Elliot we had a six-piece band because we had hired Billy Mundi and we had two drummers.

Then we hired Don Preston, who plays keyboard instruments - electric piano, electric clavichord, etc. We also hired Bunk Gardner, who plays several various horns, and Jim Fielder on bass.

I had known Don Preston and Bunk Gardner several years before I met the other guys. We used to play experimental music a long time ago. We got together in garages and went through some very abstract charts and just entertained ourselves.

Anyway, we finally had a very workable ensemble. The second album was recorded with those eight guys. We just added a trumpet, string quartet and contrabass clarinet on one song.

The instrumentation of the ideal Mothers rock and roll band is two piccolos, two flutes, two bass flutes, two oboes, English horn, three bassoons, a contrabassoon, four clarinets (with the fourth player doubling on alto

clarinet), bass clarinet, contrabass clarinet, soprano, alto, tenor, baritone and bass saxophones, four trumpets, four French horns, three trombones, one bass trombone, one tuba, one contrabass tuba, two harps, two keyboard men playing piano, electric piano, electric harpsichord, electric clavichord, Hammond organ, celeste, and piano bass, ten first violins, ten second violins, eight violas, six cellos, four string bass, four percussionists playing twelve timpani, chimes, gongs, field drums, bass drums, snare drums, woodblocks, lion's roar, vibes, xylophone and marimba, three electric guitars, one electric 12-string guitar, electric bass and electric bass guitar and two drummers at sets, plus vocalists who play tambourines. And I won't be happy until I have it.

I think people are entitled to hear that kind of music live. Kids would go to concerts if they could hear music that knocked them out.

If the concert halls would change to a more modern programming, they would find the place crawling with kids.

Something like this won't happen overnight and I know it. But I've studied my audiences carefully enough to see that we're making some headway in that direction. Many people sit and listen to us because they pretend they can't dance to our music. That's total bull. I'm nearly an epileptic and I can make it.

Those people don't sit because they enjoy the music. They're just waiting to find out if they like the music. It doesn't sound like what they've been used to hearing. They want to get their ears accustomed to it.

It's not "psychedelic." I asked a nightclub owner what psychedelic music was. "It's loud, out-of-tune crazy music," he told me, "You can't understand it."

Our music is fairly logical. Our spontaneous outbursts are planned. They have to be. If you take an 8-piece band and not direct them, you'll have "psychedelic" music.

We rehearse an average of twelve hours on each song. We learn them in sections. There's the front part, then interlude A, interlude B, and so forth, and the band has to remember certain cues for each section.

Each set that we do is conceived of as one continuous piece of music, like an opera. Even the dialogue between numbers is part of it. Some of our sets run an hour and a half, when we get carried away. That's about opera length.

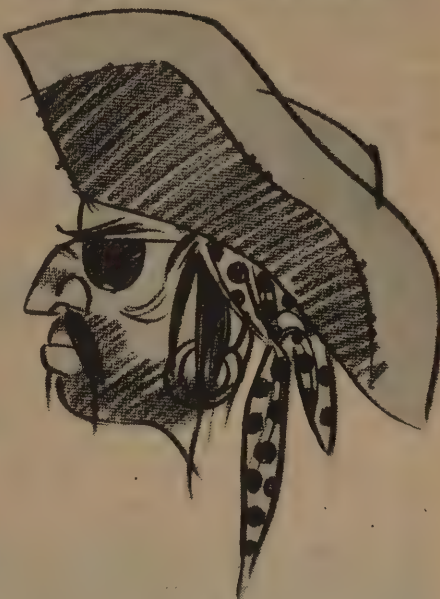
A better description of what we're doing might be a theatrical presentation with music.

This summer I'd like to present a show on Broadway. It's a musical, science fiction horror story based on the Lenny Bruce trials. He was a friend of mine, and of our manager. Lenny was a saint.

What the Big Machine of America did to Lenny Bruce was pretty disgusting. It ranks with civil rights as one of the big pimples on the face of American culture. But nobody will ever really find out about it, I guess. ☐ don & frank

(Latest album/We're Only In It For The Money - Verve)

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We can't understand why anyone would want to make things up about the Young Rascals when the truth is so interesting.

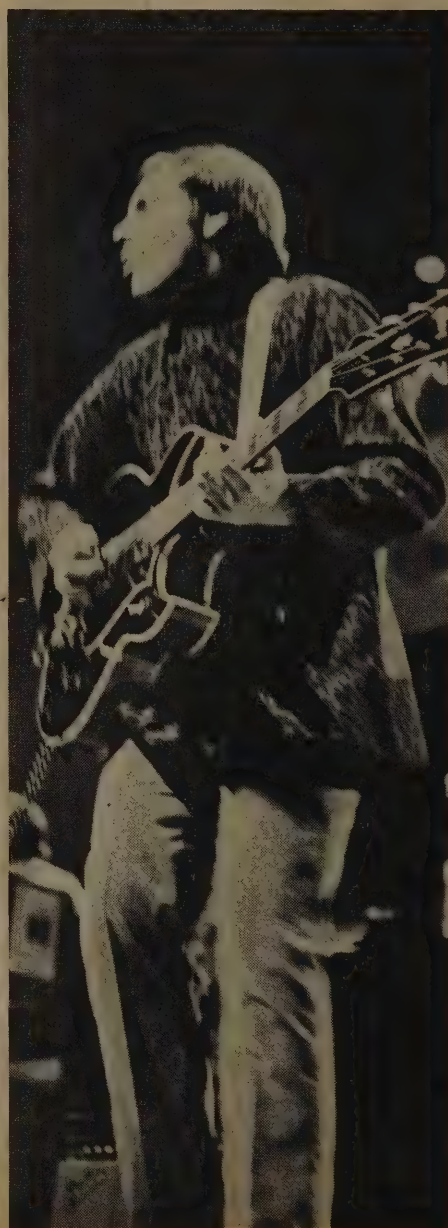
Despite their enormous success the Rascals are one of the very, very few groups to remain unchanged by it all. They're just as nice now as they were when they started.

Here's the articulate Gene Cornish, in his own words:

THE YOUNG RASCALS STORY

Gene Cornish

(Part 2)



The downfall and the most discouraging thing that could happen to any performer is a manager who takes you for all you're worth. That can really ruin your incentive. A lot of kids get hurt that way.

I had a couple of bad managers. I went through that scene. I got hurt, but I tried again.

We came to New York with these managers. There were four of us. Our organ player was colored. We went South one time and really caught hell because we couldn't stay in hotels or anything.

The group was organ, bass, drums, and I was the guitar player. By the way, I don't remember ever having played in a group with a rhythm guitarist. Guitar players shouldn't play with other guitar players if they can help it. If you have to play rhythm and lead by yourself you learn faster because you have to work much harder. A lead and rhythm guitar may sound good

together but it's a crutch. You can make it with one guitar and it'll be better for you. It's like weight-lifting. If you have someone else helping you lift the weights, you're not going to get strong.

We came to New York and we worked at the Peppermint Lounge. The group was called the Unbeatables. I had many groups with many different names...The Nobles, the Satellites, and the Kings Four.

We had just started to play soul music. We did "What 'd I Say?" and typical contemporary songs that everybody did. But mostly we did Roy Orbison and the Beatles' songs.

The Beatles were responsible for our group getting together. We saw that a group with such a fantastic sound could make it. Before that, I had no hope for groups. I even tried going on my own for a while.

Anyway, two weeks before we started to work at the Peppermint Lounge we went down and listened to the groups

that were playing there. We were shocked. They weren't playing the same kind of songs we were playing.

After we heard this soul thing, for the next two weeks we rehearsed soul music. But we weren't ready for it. The bass player didn't feel it. The drummer dug blues and I was into it a little. We just played and played and reached a point where we almost made it.

I can't say that I've really gone blues. I never wanted to go completely. When you get completely into one bag, you're not original any more. I wanted to stay in between blues and the straight stuff so I could play both. In the middle of the road, somehow, once in a while, you come up with an original thing.

We starved. We were making \$800 a week, split between four guys. But first our managers had 40% of it. That's how we got beat. The booking agency had 10%. That was 50% gone right there.

Out of \$400 we had to pay \$100 a week to our hotel for a double room





with two guys in a bed. We each had \$75 left for food, clothes and everything else. When you're in a new city and you have no money you feel pretty bad.

Then we were going to be sued by our managers. We felt that they were cheating us and we found out they were taking extra money on the side. We told them we wouldn't pay them any more. They tried to throw an injunction on us.

We were playing at a club in Far Rockaway, Brooklyn. The people were real great. They wouldn't let the process servers in while we were playing. After our set they'd hide us in the attic so the guys couldn't lay the summons on us. We hid behind the locked door scared to death.

Finally the group broke up because of poverty. I went with Joey Dee & The Starlighters where I met Felix and Eddie. By the way, Eddie's brother Davie was an original Starlighter.

Before I met Felix, the other guys in the group, Larry and Dave, told me,

"Listen, when Felix gets here take it easy. This guy's got six months to live."

Felix walks in with his hair down to his shoulders, an old coat, a four-day beard, nose out to here, one eye goin' this way and I felt like saying, "Man, can I loan you a dollar?" He didn't know it, but I felt so sorry for him.

After I started working in the group I felt sorry for all of us. We couldn't take it after a month because we weren't making any money there either. We were getting cheated again. Felix, Eddie and I got Dino and started the Rascals. I was shook up because I didn't think I could cut it. Before the Rascals, I played mostly rhythm as well as lead on guitar. Now I had to play full and bass parts sometimes.

Felix came up with the concept of our sound. He said we'd base everything on the organ. It would be a blanket. The drums and guitar would be the rhythm. Together, the organ and guitar would be one complete sound as an orchestra. I had to change my whole

guitar style.

In the other groups I was in, I did about 90% of the singing. In the Rascals, Felix does most of the lead singing and he's basically the vocal sound of the group. Eddie has a fantastic voice. I'm number three. Dino is number four, but he's trying harder.

Everybody had to change his style of playing when we formed the Rascals, but we all contributed things that each of us had done in the past. When I had my own groups we did Beatles things. Eddie still does ballads. He's a fantastic soul singer when he wants to scream... but he doesn't want to scream any more. So Felix had to scream. But he got tired of it. He likes to sing ballads, too. I can't scream...anyway not when I'm singing. I scream when I'm talking.

We've been getting away from the idea of instrumental solos on our records and getting more into a vocal thing. We've always made our records' instrumental track first. Then we'd say, "Let's write a song to it." Or we'd get an idea for a song and spend four days making a fantastic track, then we'd do the vocal in two takes.

Usually the first take is the best because it's the one you feel more spontaneously. Felix did "Good Lovin'" in one take.

Eddie always sings best on the first take, too. But when we record him we keep two tracks open for his vocals. We record the first one and keep it on one track. Eddie will say, "I wanna do it again." He does it over twenty times on the second track and we keep erasing them. Then we play the first track back to him and he'll say "Yeah. That's the one." Sometimes he doesn't even know what we've been doing.

I still have to learn how to play my guitar. I'm serious. I'll be very truthful. Up until a year ago I wasn't interested in the instrument. The guitar was only a reason for me to be in the Rascals.

I'm not writing any hit songs. Maybe I will some day, or maybe I'm just meant to write songs that people dig but wouldn't flip out for on a single. Like, I dig George Harrison's songs. "Taxman" would never be a hit but you have to say, "Wow!" because the lyrics really say what's happening.

Another person who does that is Janis Ian. If you really listen to her, you can be very scared of 16-year-old girls.

I'm going through a stage where I'm realizing that I'm not going to be the best guitar player in the world. But I would like to be recognized as the originator of something.

(In our next issue Gene will tell you what he's been up to lately, including his contributions to the new Young Rascals album.) □ don & gene

(Latest album/Once Upon A Dream - Atlantic)

A Short Story Of **THE BUFFALO- SPRINGFIELD** *Beginning*

A shiny black hearse idled in a typical Los Angeles traffic jam, as two discouraged musicians on their way to San Francisco crawled along in the traffic. Richie Furay noticed the hearse and its Ontario plates. He remembered a Canadian who'd taught him a song called "Nowadays Clancy Can't Even Sing," and Steve Stills once told him that Neil drove around in a hearse. He turned and said to Steve, "I bet that's Neil Young."

They inched up in the traffic, yelling, "It is!" Faster than you could say Buffalo Springfield, there were four guys, — Bruce Palmer was also in the hearse — happily jumping around in the middle of the street to the delight of the other motorists.

That was the beginning. Barry Friedman, a friend and early supporter, told them about a drummer in the Dillards, a bluegrass band that had gone electric. It was Dewey Martin, and they were five.

All they needed was a name. They stole a sign from a steam roller and became the Buffalo Springfield.

Now, flower power has wilted, hippies are passe, day-glo is fading in the sun and "psychedelic" has lost what little meaning it did have. But the West Coast has something bigger that's kept on growing — before and through it all. It's called Buffalo Springfield. They're usually found under the heading, "West Coast Groups."

But that, or any label, is too limited to describe the varied musical styles and talents that create the dynamic sound. Always

one step ahead of themselves, and most others, the music they make is all their own. It can only be labeled Buffalo Springfield.

Three Buffalo write the music: Neil Young, Steve Stills and Richie Furay. Neil "has to write songs. There's something inside me I've got to get out...Music is the best way I know." For Steve it's musical concepts: "I want to write some good hoe-downs or pachangas...And I'd like to use a big band sound in a song." (Aside from Neil: "We could use the Glenn Miller Orchestra when we record it.")

"When I began writing," says Richie, "I'd realize much later what I'd written the song about...Now I write about someone or something. 'Good Time Boy' is about our drummer, Dewey."

Each one has his own approach, his own style. When all five play it, you feel it's Buffalo Springfield...no matter how different the style. Their special magic — personality, warmth, and honesty — is their signature. And it can't be counterfeited.

They spend little (if any) time worrying about the latest trend... (and unconsciously manage to be trendsetters.) As Neil says, "I'm too busy making music." (But you can see the influence of the Buffalo Springfield in the music or lyrics of most groups on the West Coast — and even beyond.) "Our thing today will be different tomorrow."

Now that they are in control in the studio, the Buffalo Springfield have managed to get more of that warmth and sparkle across the flat surface of a record. "We have to go at it in an



other way," says Steve. "The way we play live doesn't always work in the studio...We want to get the feeling of the song across...We might take out a guitar or add some strings to get the right effect." As songwriters, they are especially glad they can produce their own records: "Now we don't have to explain to someone what we want to sound like and hope they understand." "We wrote the music, we know what it means to us... Now we're learning how to get the feelings across that made us write the songs in the studio."

Have you noticed something in their sound that wasn't there before? Many of their latest songs (on their forthcoming third album) were co-authored. Steve wrote the music and Neil the lyrics for "The Old Laughing Lady." Richie added his touch to Neil's "On The Way Home" (they used to call it "Telephone Pole," until they decided on the title). Less than a year ago, they wrote individually. By the time you read this there will probably be a hit on the charts written by Stills, Young and Furay.

It helps to have another songwriter around. Even a songwriter like Richie can have problems: "I'm a listener and don't have that much to say. I can write a song in a few hours -- except for one line. And it might take me three weeks to find it and finish the song."

A few weeks ago Neil asked Richie if he knew what chord he could use to finish the song he was writing. Richie gave him some ideas, then said, "Let's ask Steve." "Why don't the three of us get together and write?" Neil ran off to find Steve. "We could turn out thirteen songs a week," he said. By the time "Buffalo Springfield Again" was released they had written enough material for their third album and, as you read this, they are probably deciding which of their new songs should be the first cut on their fourth.

Many of the ideas on the second are expanded and developed on their third. (Neil's "Broken Arrow" has become a rock tone poem.) The Buffalo don't talk much about the first album. If you've ever heard them perform the songs live you probably know why. But the songs are fresh and often beautiful. And they tell you more of the Buffalo Springfield story. Hearing "Nowadays

Clancy Can't Even Sing," "For What It's Worth," or "Flying On The Ground Is Wrong" on record, is much better than not hearing them at all. They've come a long way since that album, but it's still special, unique...the kind you play over and over again, till the tracks wear out. Listen to it, and listen to their latest, and you'll know more about what they've been up to in the past year and a half.

I haven't said much about Bruce, the mysterious and talented bass player, mostly because Bruce doesn't talk much. When he does, he shows his insight, humor, his wisdom. A sample: "Look. Steve's pulling a Rudolph Valentino again." (Steve was carrying four changes of costume for a TV show, while the others had one.)

Dewey is always full of energy and fun (usually mischief). On tour with the Beach Boys, the Strawberry Alarm Clock and the Soul Survivors, he sat down in their midst while they performed his favorite ("special request") song. Mike Love lovingly called him, "Dewey Martin of the Buffalo Alarm Clock." (The Buffalo in turn introduced them as "The Beach Survivors.")

The Beach Boys' first tour with the Buffalo Springfield worked out so well that they wanted them to come along on their Southern tour in the spring. And, this summer, the Beach Boys want to introduce them to England.

The Buffalo Springfield have waited for that English tour a long time. Now it seems worth it. "We'll be playing big concerts. We don't have to go in cold -- unknown (except to the musicians' underground). Our records haven't been played there, but the Beach Boys are one of the biggest attractions in England. There's no better way to go," Steve and Neil beamed collectively.

The Buffalo Springfield have said, "We'll never use a light show." They concentrate on making music that creates moods and excitement. "The music has to be there; a gimmick doesn't do any good if the music doesn't have it." It's the honesty and sensitivity of the Buffalo -- to their audience, music, and to each other -- that has distinguished them and kept them apart from any category. A light show hasn't been made that can outshine the flow of the five Buffalo onstage, playing and singing for you. □ eleanor zadik





RICHIE FURAY

Richie Furay was born May 9, 1944 in Dayton, Ohio. He was once tagged the "Joe College" of the group. He is probably one of the best rhythm guitarists in the nation. His vocal prowess is another plus factor for the herd.

"Richie," says Neil, "is the easiest to like, know and live with." While attending Otterbein College in Westerville, Ohio, he formed a folk trio and was an overnight success. Heartened by his fine acceptance, he decided to make the trek to Gotham. His first engagement there netted him \$13.87 for an evening's work.

After a period of employment with a vocal group, malnutrition set in for about six months, temporarily staved off by a factory job in Connecticut. When the Buffalo Springfield began forming in Los Angeles, Richie headed West to join the other members.

Dynamite on stage, his ball-of-fire personality projects like a rocket to the audience. Actually he is an easy-going guy, who loves to relax, talk to cute girls and sing. Like the others, his talents go beyond those of playing guitar and singing. He is a deft songwriter, with no less than three of his tunes featured in their second album.

STEVE STILLS

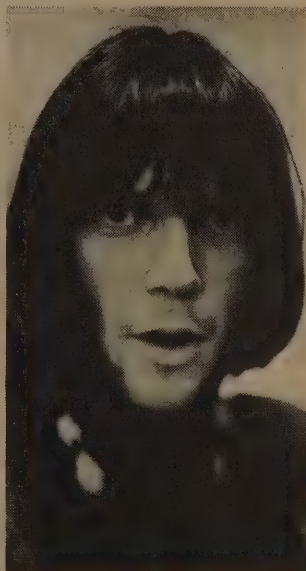
Steve Stills, born January 3, 1945 in Dallas, Texas, is the leader of the group, singing second lead vocal and playing second lead guitar. His voice is deep, throaty, and strong. He is an intense perfectionist who takes his music very seriously. Steve is an exceptional songwriter and was responsible for writing and singing the group's first

national hit, "For What It's Worth," which has also been recorded by the internationally famed Staple Singers.

Steve calls New Orleans his home because, "At least I can remember the names of the streets there." He credits a respiratory ailment for his debut as a singer. "Used to get up in the morning," he says, "and yell very loud once; sort of to clear things up. Someone suggested I try singing."



At the University of Florida, Steve discovered he preferred folk music to political science, and soon after he left school for New York. While in the big city he learned his craft well, playing drums, bass, piano and tambourine, but finally deciding to concentrate on guitar. He was also in a ten-member group called the Au Go Go Singers, along with Peter York.



NEIL YOUNG

Neil Young was born November 12, 1945 in Toronto, Ontario, Canada. His voice is funky and honest

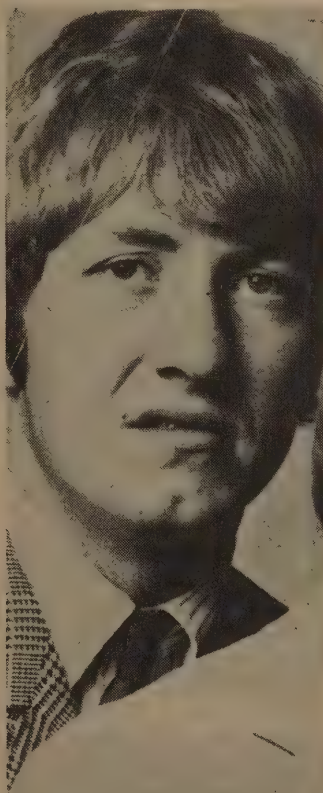
and his lead guitar solos are always inspired. He is the tallest of the Buffalo and can always be recognized by his shaggy sideburns. He's a lover by nature, sensitive, poetic and non-violent, because, "I used to get beat up a lot when I was a kid."

His decision to embark on a musical career came about after viewing Elvis Presley on television. He immediately ran out and bought himself his first instrument, an Arthur Godfrey ukulele. Neil started working with groups while he was in the ninth grade and soon left school to wander through Canada, playing and writing music.

Following some success as a single in Detroit, Neil bought an old hearse and headed for Los Angeles.

Besides his prowess on the guitar, Neil plays piano, bass, harmonica and is an excellent composer. Five of the tunes in their debut LP were penned by Neil, who also served as lead vocalist on three tracks.

He likes black and tan, strawberry and rhubarb pie, anything in leather and suede, and being a Scorpio. His description of the group's sound is "summer, now, soft, hard, Buffalo Springfield."



DEWEY MARTIN

Buffalo drummer Dewey Martin was born September 30, 1942 in Chesterville, Ontario, Canada. He is a former baseball player who

switched to music in the early '60's when he moved to Nashville from Canada. During that year, Dewey was a much-in-demand musician on numerous recording dates, backing up the likes of Roy Orbison, Carl Perkins and the late Patsy Cline. He was also a regular on the "Grand Ole Opry," one of the most prestigious showcases in the country-western field.

During a trip to southern California with Faron Young, he made up his mind to some day return to the area. The "some day" was 1964, at which time he arrived in Los Angeles with about \$30.00 in his pocket. After a few gigs with various groups, Dewey found his niche as a member of the Buffalo Springfield.

A classic cut-up, he loves to play pranks on his pals, but he also possesses a friendly, out-going nature.

He feels Roy Orbison was the greatest influence on his musical career; however, he is also a big booster of the Four Seasons and the Beatles.



BRUCE PALMER

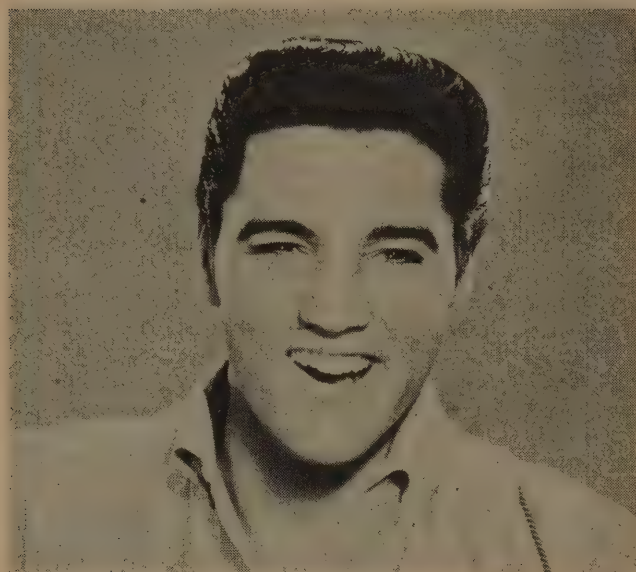
Bass guitarist Bruce Palmer rarely faces an audience and is extremely camera shy. He is the non-singing member of the group, although his close friends swear he has great pipes. However, we do know he's tops on bass.

There is an air of mystery that surrounds Bruce. Although he is barely out of his teens, he refuses to divulge his age -- or, for that matter, his birthplace. Some say he is the son of a multi-millionaire who wanted to make it on his own. □

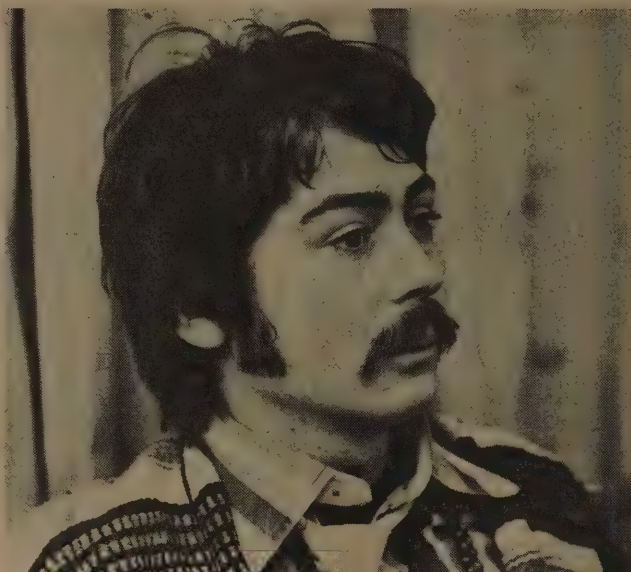
(Latest album/ Buffalo Springfield Again - Atco)



GRANNY'S



ELVIS PRESLEY



JOE BUTLER

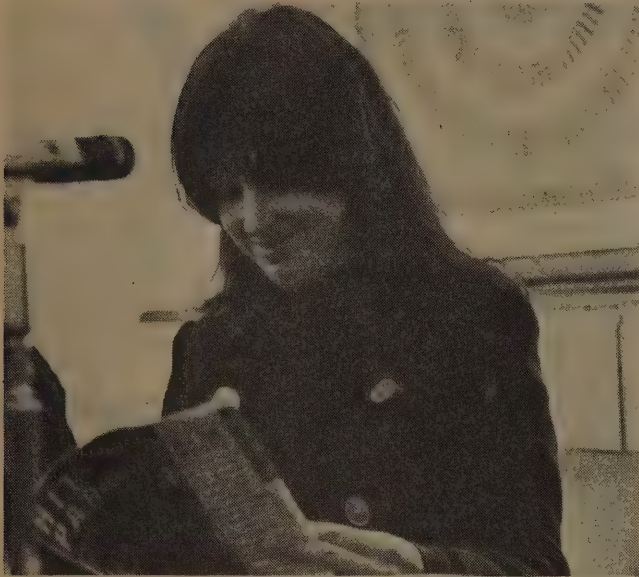
I've got a whole pile of stuff to tell you...First of all, don't believe any of the recent rumors about the Beatles returning to the United States for concerts. They have no plans for any personal appearances over here at all...But *Elvis Presley* will be making a rare television appearance on his own hour-long special on NBC-TV, probably Christmas '68 or Easter '69. Elvis certainly likes to plan ahead...And *Bob Dylan*, alive and healthy, with an ear-to-ear beard, made his first public appearance since his motorcycle accident eighteen months ago. Along with *Pete Seeger*, *Judy Collins*, *Ritchie Havens*, *Odetta*, *Jack Elliot*, *Tom Paxton* and *Arlo Guthrie*, Dylan did two benefit shows at Carnegie Hall in a tribute to the late *Woodie Guthrie*, who died of Huntington's Disease. The benefits raised \$7,500 to fight the disease. Dylan appeared with a five-piece rock band, he had twenty guards protecting him and he received a five-minute ovation...

Paul McCartney enjoyed hearing *Diana Ross & The Supremes* sing "Michelle" and "Yesterday" during the trio's smash engagement at the Talk Of The Town nightclub in London...*Davy Jones* and *Peter Tork* spent a few days in London recently...Well, after a couple of months of thinking about splitting up, *Country Joe & The Fish* have decided to remain together after all. That's nice...*Yardbird Keith Relf* and his wife are splitting up. By the way, one reason for ex-Yardbird guitarist *Jeff Beck's* divorce was the paternity suit filed against him by starlet *Mary Hughes* in California. My, my, but these show biz folk sure do carry on something wild...Another Hermit got married. Hundreds of fans converged on tiny Old Meldrum, Scotland to see guitarist *Keith Hopwood*, 21, marry *Penny Pagni*, a 20-year-old secretary. Instead of the traditional wedding march, the organist played "A Whiter Shade Of Pale." That's nice, I suppose...*Grapefruit*, a brand new group, was named by *John Lennon* and they're record-

ed by *Terry Melcher*, who once produced the *Byrds* and *Paul Revere and the Raiders*...Old rock and roll stars never die, they just sign with a different record company. *Bobby Rydell* is now on his third label, Reprise. The *McCoys* recently went to Mercury Records...The *Sunshine Company* has a pet rabbit given to them by a fan in Washington, D.C. The group met the *Hollies* at an airport and the rabbit crawled up *Graham Nash's* sleeve...The *Union Gap*, from San Diego, California, who recently had "Woman, Woman" on the charts, is no relation to the Credibility Gap, a new Washington, D.C. group that specializes in political propaganda about the state of the union...*Spoonful* drummer *Joe Butler* and his lovely wife *Leslie* went shopping for a car and discovered that a used Rolls Royce in excellent condition costs less than a new American car...*Gary Lewis* is the proud father of a daughter...*Herb* would like it known to one and all - especially all girls - that he is not married to or even going out with *Peaches*. They're good friends and they make hit records together and that's all. A lot of girls are avoiding *Herb* because they think he's married. So why don't all you girls make this be-kind-to *Herb* week...The *Smothers Brothers* went to London recently where their American show is broadcast every week on BBC-TV. At a party given by *Graham Nash* of the *Hollies*, *Tommy* met the *Bee Gees*, *Lulu* and the *Fool* - a group of four people who design the fashions for the Beatles' boutique, The Apple. The *Fool* asked *Tommy* to come to their shop and have a look around after the party. Unfortunately, they had forgotten their key to the burglar alarm and so it was only after waking half of the neighborhood and doing some fast explaining to several bobbies, that they were able to get into the Apple where *Tommy* was outfitted from head to toe in Beatlesque attire... I went to a very nice party that was supposed to

GOSSIP

Got any questions
about the stars?
write to Granny
c/o Hit Parader
Charlton Building
Derby, Conn. 06418



GRACE SLICK



DIONNE WARWICK

welcome five British rock groups coming here for tours. However, a few of the guests didn't make it. *Eric Burdon* missed the plane in London, but the rest of the *Animals* arrived on schedule, along with the *Jimi Hendrix Experience*, the *Soft Machine* and the *Eire Apparent*. *Alan Price*, who's afraid of flying, decided to come over by boat...*The Association* received gold records for their "Never My Love" single and "Insight Out" album...*Mike Clark* has left the *Byrds*, too. *Gene Clark* (how many times do I have to tell you they're not related) was fired on the spot (the spot being an airport) when he refused to step into an airplane. Flight fright also caused his previous separation from the group...Guess what? *Mitch Ryder's* real name is *Bill Levis, Jr.* Now you know...RCA Victor Records has signed some really swell rock groups like *Auto Salvage*, *Joyful Noise* and *Group Therapy*. Watch out for them...And the new *Fred Neil* album, "Sessions" on Capitol, is great and you should buy it...*Peaches & Herb's* contrived "cutesy" dialog when they do "Love Is Strange" in-person, drains all the earthiness out of the song. If you want to hear how good the song is, look for the original version by *Mickey & Sylvia* in an oldies album or in a record store that sells oldies...*The Doors* and the *Buffalo Springfield* dropped into each other's sessions while both groups were recording albums at Sunset Sound...*Joe Tex* held a Skinny Legs Beauty Contest during his recent tour. Ten girls were invited on stage where Joe sang his recent hit, "Skinny Legs And All," while he selected a "Miss Skinny Legs" in each city. Winners received \$50, a kiss from Joe, a photo of her and Joe together and a copy of the record. But I doubt if Joe will be running a greasy mouth contest...If you dig unusual and beautiful sounds you must buy "Russian Folk Instrumental Music" (Melodiya/Capitol DT 10491). It's a very, very lively album with many exotic, colorful

orchestral sounds and moods. Instruments you've probably never heard of, like the balalaika, domra, beresta, bayan and kugikly, as well as the familiar accordion and guitar, display the rich heritage of Russian folk music...Did you know that *Aretha Franklin* is married to her manager, Ted White, and they have a four-year-old daughter?...*The Byrds* hired a new drummer...*Dionne Warwick*, *Bobbie Gentry*, *Wilson Pickett*, the *Cowsills* and the *Sandpipers* sang at the famous San Remo Music Festival in Italy...*Diana Ross & the Supremes*, *Los Bravos*, *P.J. Proby* and *Sandie Shaw* performed at the MIDEM, an international music business convention in Cannes, France...*Joe Tex* is finally receiving the success he deserves. His first million-seller is "Skinny Legs And All" and we hope Joe has many more. Million sellers, that is, not skinny legs...There's a new group who call themselves *Bonnie and the Clydes*. Bang. Bang...And are you ready for a TV series next season based on "Valley Of The Dolls"? Egad!...The summer replacement for the *Jerry Lewis* show on NBC-TV will be "The New Sound" which will feature a different rock group every week...

Once rock and roll was swarming with very young boy singers like *Fabian*, *Frankie Avalon*, *Paul Anka* and lots more who weren't even old enough to shave. But now maturity is no drawback. *Nigel Pickering* of *Spanky & Our Gang* is 38 years old. *Grace Slick* of the *Airplane* is twenty-eight. *Mama Cass*, *Elvis*, the *Four Seasons*, *Sonny Bono*, *Glen Campbell*, the *Four Tops* and *Ginger Baker* of the *Cream* are all in their thirties. *John Phillips*, *Hollie Bobby Elliot*, *Scot McKenzie*, *Petula Clark* and *Curtis Dja* have been around a lot longer than the average pop star. And then there's *Mama Cowsill*...*James Brown* now has his own radio station, *WJBE* in Knoxville, Tennessee and he plans to buy a few more...□

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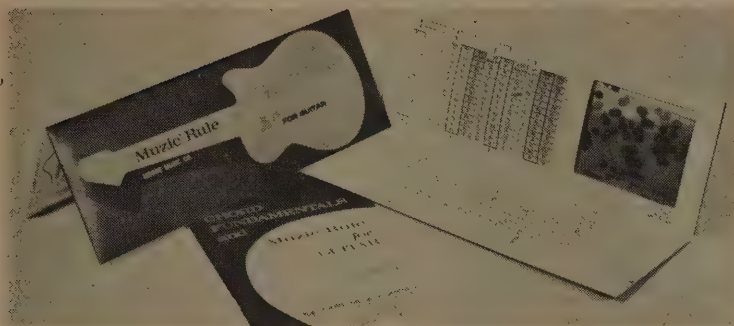
FENDER TELECASTER BASS

Fender Musical Instruments Division of CBS Musical Instruments, Columbia Broadcasting, Inc., announced that the renowned and widely demanded Telecaster Bass was back in the line and is currently being shipped to its dealers. Mr. William E. Johnson, Marketing Director of CBS Musical Instruments stated..... "The Telecaster Bass, a solid body instrument, was developed almost twenty years ago. At that time, too few appreciated its many advantages and features, so it was dropped from the line in 1950. More recently, the Telecaster Bass was 'rediscovered' by pros and veterans in the music field. The demand grew very rapidly: we were receiving reports that musicians were searching for this instrument in used departments of music stores and everywhere. After an industry-wide study, we decided to reintroduce the instrument and have resumed production of the Telecaster Bass, building it as we did a generation ago."

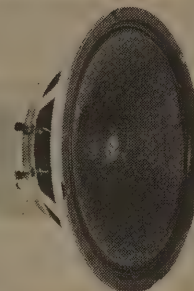
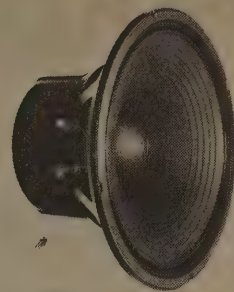
The unique and significant characteristic of the Telecaster Bass is the ease with which it is played. The Telecaster Bass responds to the same techniques as playing a conventional electric guitar. Very little string action is required to obtain full, deep bass volume. It's easier on the fingers and permits the musician to demonstrate maximum dexterity and personalized variations in style. Most musicians have discovered they can play more difficult work more easily because their techniques are improved with this easy playing instrument. They find the "feel" comfortable and highly responsive. The Telecaster Bass has a slender maple neck which is remarkably fast,



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The Telecaster Bass is priced at \$249.50. Optional hardshell case is \$64.50.

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A new series of heavy duty replacement loudspeakers was recently introduced by Electro-Voice, Inc. The speakers in this group, called the SRO series, were designed especially for long-term, rugged service in guitar, organ, and other music instrument reproduction. Failure of a speaker in live performances is intolerable. Yet, speakers in this application are subjected to tremendous power and service requirements. The initial pulse of plucking a guitar string produces eight times the power of a continuous tone. The complex overtone pattern of an electronically enhanced reed instrument (like Selmer's Varitone) coupled with extreme volume requirements of modern combos, will easily rupture a loudspeaker not designed for this use.

E-V SRO speakers combine reliability with high efficiency. They faithfully follow the widest extremes of frequency response in instrumental music as well as reproduce all special-effects desired. Special, large, heavy magnets are used, and highly efficient edgewise-wound copper voice coils put more wire in the magnetic gap for greater effective total radiated power. The EIA sensitivity rating (a reliable, industry-accepted stan-

dard of efficiency) of the E-V SRO series is 3 DB better than most amplifiers' power. Cone strength and controlled low-compliance give higher output in the very low tones between 50 and 80 Hz (cycles per second) and prevent any damage or failure due to excessive cone travel.

Three speakers presently comprise the Electro-Voice SRO series. They are the SRO/12, a 12-inch speaker with an EIA sensitivity rating of 54 db and a three pound Alnico V magnet; the SRO/15, a 15-inch speaker with 55 db EIA sensitivity rating and a four-pound ten-ounce ceramic magnet; and the renowned Electro-Voice 30W, 30-inch bass driver. The twelve- and fifteen-inch speakers have a peak power handling capacity of 240 watts, and 8-16 ohms impedance.

The Electro-Voice SRO/12 is priced at \$88.00, the SRO/15 at \$99.00.

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The Music Rule is designed in a portfolio package which contains the finger board diagram, slides, and a chord table

for additional study. The slides are stored in a special pocket inside the folder to keep them together. The same color code is used on both the chord table and slides. The manual explains how to operate the Music Rule and how to use it for study of chord fundamentals.

Teachers will probably find this new tool an aid in explaining chord fundamentals. The slide rule is so complete on chords that the professional guitarist will find it a valuable addition to his musical library.

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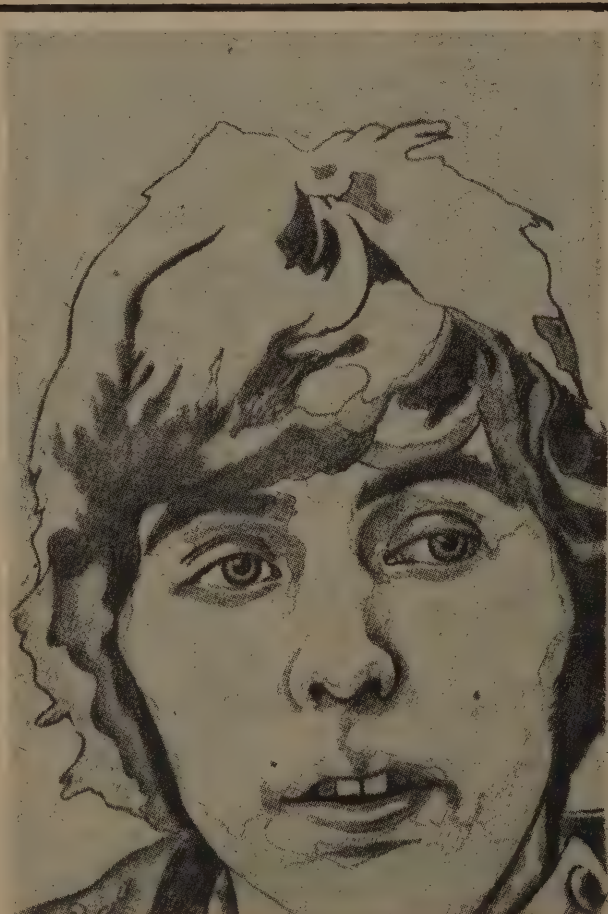
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PROCOL HARUM

Opens Up



Dave Knights

Dave Knights is a worrier. He was a solicitor's clerk and he nearly joined the New Vaudeville Band.

"I've got a very normal background. I come from a working-class family, left school at fifteen, went to work as a clerk and taught myself to play the guitar. I hated being a clerk - no satisfaction in it. I only became a professional musician a year ago, when I had an offer from a group called the Establishment.

"I got out of the rut, made the break and starved a bit. But after a few months I realized that I was banging my head against a wall and that I was just one of the millions around. Nothing came along, I stopped playing, became unemployed and went to the Labour Exchange for three or four months in the great old tradition!

"And then a miracle happened. I saw an ad, answered it, and people said come around for a talk, and it was Procol Harum. What I'd been searching for! The rest, as they say in crummy movies, is history."

So there was tall, retiring Dave Knights ensconced in a hit-making group, playing the way he wanted to, with people he liked and understood. Who is this person?

Let him explain: "I worry too much. That's my weakness. Worry about everything: myself, life in general; but luckily I can laugh at the funny side of it, so I won't go grey yet. I don't care how people see me, what they think of me. Am I frightened? Not of death. Of dying? I'd hate to be ill for months and rot away.

"Pain frightens me; it does most people, but death we don't know about. I wouldn't fight. Not under any circumstances — war is so horrible. It's incredible that people see and enjoy war films.

"I went to see 'How I Won The War,' which is directed to make you realize what it's all really



like. I could not go out and kill; I'd probably hesitate so long that I'd get killed myself.

"I've only ever thumped somebody once, somebody who really had a go at me. I'm usually very calm. I don't hate anybody but I do dislike people who do harm to others. But I don't like President Johnson; I pity him because he believes in what he's doing.

"Love? Yes, I've loved girls. I try to like people but I'm not a great talker and I don't rush over to make friends with people. I don't anger easily. In fact, I can't remember the last time I lost my temper. I suppose I'm essentially a quiet person. I keep things to myself.

"I like money. I want to be secure and not have to worry about money. I suppose I spend an average amount. I'm obviously living better but I don't chuck my money around. I buy clothes but I don't drink and eat myself to death.

"I like the luxuries, of course, but it's more important to me to remain healthy and happy. I'm careful, I don't give my money away or lend it to everybody. I save it because I don't really have any extravagances.

"I used to be a Walter Mitty, daydreaming away

in my solicitor's office. I used to think myself into other people's situations, into their jobs and wishing I was them. Things used to hurt me then. If something went wrong at work it would blow my mind for weeks.

"What do I want to achieve? I want Procol Harum to go as far as we can and I would like everybody to like what we're doing. I want people to accept it. I don't like people who keep comparing 'Homburg' with 'Whiter Shade.'

"I think there's been a lot of jealousy from others in the business. When the slightest little thing went wrong with us they said we'd flopped and they only put round the bad things. I don't like that."

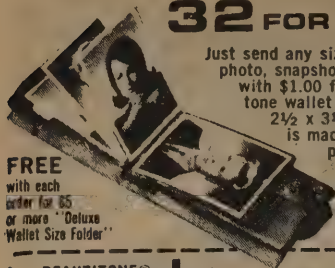
A pretty frank appraisal of himself by a generally reserved Dave Knights. Like all the Procols you have to go to him for information; he'll volunteer little without a lot of time and work from yourself.

Dave is a pleasant, balanced character with a face that is perpetually smiling at some private joke. Not a dominant personality but a very individual one. On occasions, he still looks a little like a solicitor's clerk who's been thrown into a hustling, bustling, grabbing world and is blinking in amazement. □ frances gaye

(Latest album/Procol Harum - Deram)

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"These guys are just like the Hell's Angels. The only difference is that they have musical instruments instead of motorcycles."

So speaks Gut, a former Hell's Angel member himself and now co-manager of San Francisco's rock trio, Blue Cheer.

"They play so hard and so heavy that they make cottage cheese out of the air," Gut says quickly adding that Paul Whaley, Dickie Peterson and Leigh Stephens are the perfect example of what's happening on today's rock scene.

When the Philips group walks on stage at the Avalon or Fillmore or Winterland or wherever they might be playing in the Bay area, the audience can be assured that it is about

to witness one of the best shows ever staged.

Blue Cheer works basically out of a rhythm and blues bag. But this does not mean that they are human jukeboxes, performing all the R&B golden oldies. Everything in their repertoire is original, except for one or two items.

"Actually, we just use some of the stuff that's been prevalent in R&B and put it into our own music," explains Dickie, the trio's 20-year-old bass player. "But we're really just starting to get into it."

Blue Cheer became a reality a little less than a year ago. Dickie and the group's lead guitarist, Lee, went through quite a few drummers in the

beginning before they latched on to Paul. Since then they've become one of the tightest groups around with word of their capabilities rapidly filtering outward from the San Francisco area.

Blue Cheer is a "heavy" group. They play hard. They play loud. They play that way because, as Paul puts it, "the music goes through our bodies, and when we can feel music it's much easier to experience it."

And, adds Lee, "We're just saying we feel good by putting as much as we physically can into our music. There are no hidden messages as such in our sound. When anyone listens to a message it generally gets all twisted around just like when you whisper something from person to person around a crowded room."

Blue Cheer truly lives for music. Paul, Dickie and Leigh, who are all 20 years old, live together in an old seven-room house in San Francisco and much of their at-home time is spent practicing. And if you can't find them at home it's a good bet that they're out listening to another group in an effort to learn as much as they possibly can about music.

A lot of time, too, is spent with the people they work with: Gut; Jerry Russell, their other manager; Eric, their road manager, and Peter, their equipment manager. One only has to see the six gigantic Marshall amps Blue Cheer uses to sympathize with Peter's job.

The heaviness of the group's sounds—and it is really remarkable considering there are only three persons—can create problems. For instance, Dickie notes that Blue Cheer must get accustomed to toning their sound down somewhat when playing in clubs. It's no problem when playing in the large ballrooms, but to play as heavy as they do in a small club would be a bit too much. "Although big halls and ballrooms are best for our type of music, we nevertheless can adapt to play in any environment," Paul says.

"We're extremists, I guess, but the more powerful our sound the better," Dickie adds.

Take Paul, the drummer, for example. He must wear a pair of golf gloves during each performance. And even this is not much of a help. He plays so hard that his drumsticks shatter into pieces at least a couple times during each set.

"His hands are a bloody mess after each performance," says Gut. "But he's like the nicest, quietest little cat you'll ever meet."

Why do the members of Blue Cheer go through such physical agony each time they get out in front of an audience? "It's just creative energy," explains Gut. "And when creativity starts happening, there's no stopping it. You have to go all the way with it."

At the moment, Blue Cheer has \$20,000 worth of equipment to bombard its listeners. And there's much more coming, according to Paul, Dickie and Leigh.

The backbone of Blue Cheer's equipment are six Marshall amps, imported from England at a "discount" price of more than \$8,000. The units feature a total of twenty-four speakers. To go along with the set the group has a "coliseum" PA system.

As far as individual equipment goes, Paul uses almost a complete set of double drums. There are two basses, two ride toms, two side toms, a high hat, three cymbal stands and one snare. In addition, he uses the largest drum sticks available, only after cutting off their heads and filing them smooth.

Dickie, the bass player, uses a Fender jazz bass. "He has a chance to play any guitar he wants," says Gut, "but that's what he always sticks with."

Leigh, the lead, performs on a Gibson. But he plays it with such violence that he goes through three or four of them each month. Once in a while he'll break one intentionally. "But when he breaks these things, it's not just to put the audience on," Gut explains. "He's doing exactly what it takes to project what he's trying to project." □ benton furnley (Latest album/Vincebus Eruptum — Philips)

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Having had to be born somewhere, Kenny Ranklin chose New York City some twenty odd years ago; but it might have been almost anywhere in the world since his allegiance is only to mankind.

Before graduation and during attendance at the George Washington H. S. in New York he sang everywhere and anywhere....solo or in local groups. Early encouragement came from his mother who, he says, has a great voice. While in his teens he signed a recording contract with Decca and released several sides. He later recorded for another label, but again without overriding success. In retrospect, that was the "dues-paying" time of his life.

With experience, the vehicle of expression became writing and soon Kenny was penning tunes that were recorded by singers like Peggy Lee and Andy Williams. He traveled to Europe and toured many countries, where he met his favorite artists, Jobim and Gilberto, the Bossa Nova giants. His guitar became a further means of expression and he developed his gentle samba style, both lyrically and musically. Presently, he is a staunch admirer of Tal Farlow and, when in town, will sit for hours to hear Farlow play.

His writing brought him into contact with many song publishers and he was offered numerous staff writing jobs, but turned them all down since he couldn't write on assignment. When possible, he prefers to be the interpreter of his own material rather than have another artist perform it, despite commercial considerations.

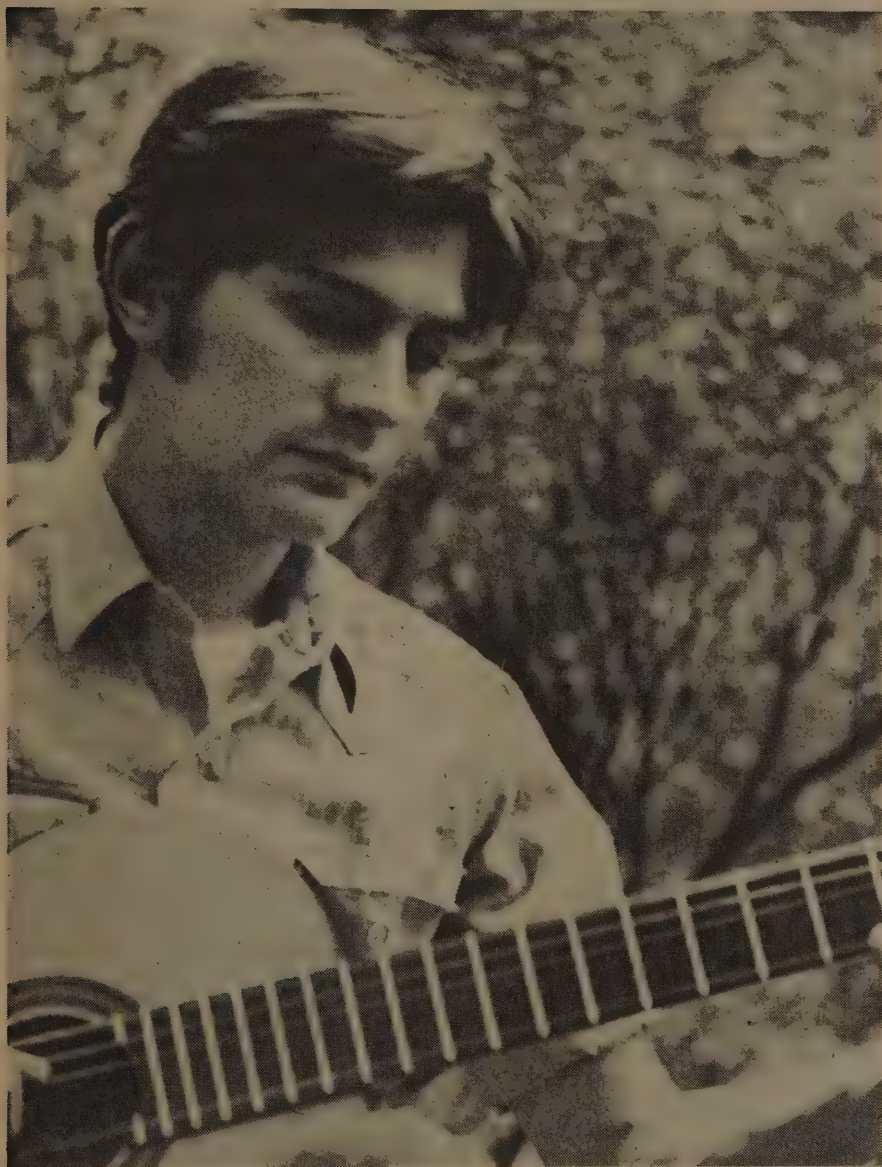
Kenny is married and has three small children to whom he is very devoted. One of life's fears for him is not being able to provide a stable and secure future for them which, in part, accounts for his search for recognition and success. Yvonne, his wife, has collaborated with him on many songs and served, along with children Christopher, Gena Maria and Chanda, as inspiration for others. In addition to her being a good lyricist, Kenny states that she is a great cook.

His first big break came when Peggy Lee chose Kenny's "In The Name Of Love" as the title song for one of her albums. Another career boost has come from the respect and friendship of Johnny Carson on whose show he has appeared almost twenty times in the last year and a half. After each appearance something good happens. It was after one of these appearances that a Mercury Records scout sought him out and offered a recording deal to him.

In conjunction with his Mercury album, "Mind Dusters," a booking was obtained at the Bitter End, Greenwich Village niter, that had served as the door-opener for several acts over the past few years. His reception there was highly gratifying. He garnered excellent reviews from both the trade and con-

KENNY RANKIN

*Gentle Man,
Gentle Music*



sumer press and made a return engagement in January of '68.

Meanwhile a trip to the West Coast for work and exposure proved beneficial in spreading a word-of-mouth excitement about his style, his command on stage and the beauty of the material he was performing.

For Mercury the decision was clear-cut. Day after day had seen groups parading through the offices offering echoes of their predecessors from the

day before. Listening to Kenny offered something unique and different: uncontrived material, honest performing and pleasant listening. Now, was it marketable? Again, perhaps Kenny has the answer.

Says he: "In an age of musical truth, set not by Dylan and the Beatles, but by the people who ultimately accept or reject these truths, it is they who will decide and set the trends." □ F. Benton (Latest album/Mind Dusters—Mercury)

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By JEFFREY CLARK

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WHAT EVERY YOUNG SONGWRITER SHOULD KNOW

Each week, dozens of young songwriters enter the music and record business and unwittingly rob themselves of thousands of dollars. Unaware of standard royalties, they sign a bad contract. They feel grateful for any crumbs they receive from their music publishers.

"We want a writer to have dignity. He shouldn't have to beg for money that rightfully belongs to him," says Burton Lane, composer of the Broadway musicals, "Finian's Rainbow" and "On A Clear Day You Can See Forever," both being made into Hollywood films. For the past ten years, Lane has also been president of the American Guild of Authors and Composers, an organization which has been protecting composers and lyricists for more than thirty-seven years.

Among its 2400 members are Bob Dylan, Henry Mancini, Richard Rogers, Barbara Streisand, Johnny Mercer, Hoagy Carmichael, John Lewis and Virgil Thompson.

"More and more young writers of rock, pop, folk, country and electronic music are entering the music business, but many of them do not know how to protect their creativity," Lane said.

"We've tried to take the fear out of songwriting. We want a writer to write and not have to worry about what happens to a song after he places it with a music publisher. Since he's the one who's responsible for a publisher's being in business at all, why should a writer have to be the last one to be paid?

"If a writer is not an AGAC member and he places a song, he is at the mercy of the publisher. A publisher may either be honest or he may not be; he may be in business today and not in business tomorrow. A writer who does not have an AGAC contract is lost," Lane stated.

The average writer turns his songs over to a publisher by signing a paper full of fine print that he usually hasn't read and probably wouldn't understand

even if he did. Small print is usually never written in small print for people to understand.

"We have small print in our contract, but we are a songwriters' organization," said Lane. "We pay an outside attorney to represent us, we pay for our executive director, Miriam Stern, and we have employees who run the office. But all major decisions are made by the writers themselves. The contract was drawn up by writers with the help of several lawyers. There's nothing in the contract that can hurt a writer.

"We've never tried to intimidate a publisher, because the publisher is our partner. We write the song but we need somebody to exploit it.

"A songwriter who places a song with a non-AGAC publisher will receive promises of the moon in June. If, for many reasons, a publisher is unable to have the song recorded, he often will not return the song to the writer for fear that it will be taken to a competitive publisher who might be able to turn the song into a hit. Under an AGAC contract, if the publisher takes no action on a song, he must return it to the writer within a specified time.

"If a person decides that he's going to be a songwriter he should take advantage of the help that's available to him. We very freely and with open arms offer help to any writer.

"My only hope is that we can expand our membership and provide more coverage for more writers. The young people who are just coming into the field need this protection. I don't need it. I've arrived, thank God, at a point where anything I get today is much more than the AGAC contract. That goes for a lot of reputable writers. We are most concerned with the young writers who need this help.

"Writers can maintain proper standards for selling their songs only if they all stick together."

AGAC is the only organization in America that deals with the problems

of the songwriter. It was formed thirty-seven years ago by a handful of songwriters, including Billy Rose, Sigmund Romberg and Ira Gershwin, who were tired of accepting inferior deals from music publishers. In those days it was called The Songwriters Protective Association, a title influenced by the many protective associations of the gangster and Prohibition era.

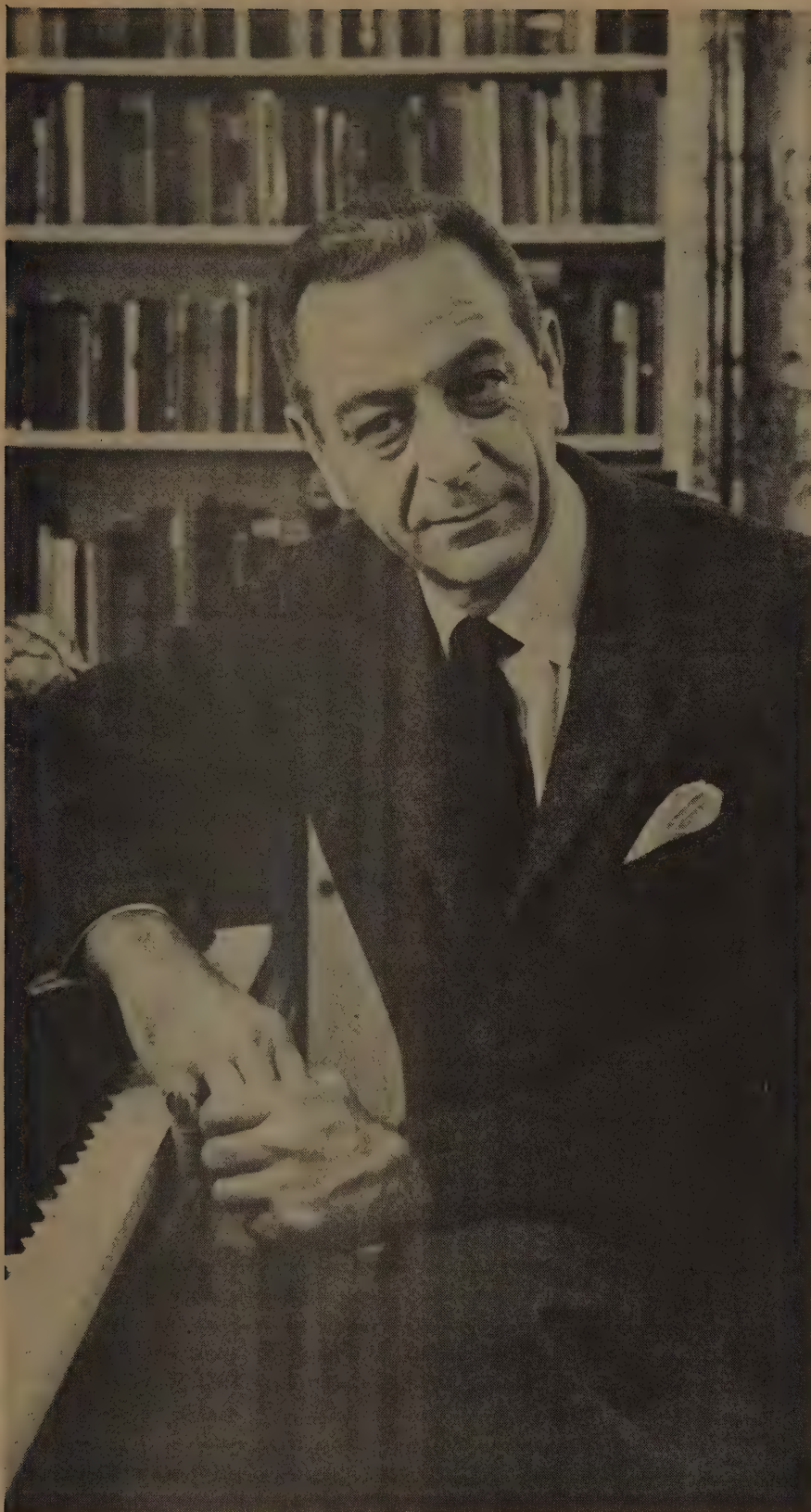
When Burton Lane was elected president of the organization in 1957 he was a little embarrassed by the title and had it changed to its present American Guild of Authors and Composers. Also, he wanted to attract composers of symphonic music.

Under Lane's direction, AGAC has expanded its activities. In 1959 it instituted a Collection of Royalties plan in which AGAC collects all the royalties for all of its members directly from the music publishers.

At first some publishers resented what they felt was an intrusion. And AGAC even met with resistance from some of its very successful members who had business managers and lawyers to handle their finances. "Why do you need AGAC?" the business managers asked the writers. "We collect your royalties. We audit the publishers' books."

After much persuasion the managers advised the writers to support the AGAC collection plan. In the very first year, AGAC discovered money for the writers that their business managers had never found. By auditing the financial records of many publishers on a mass scale AGAC can cover more territory.

Most writers often have songs with many publishers—they can't keep track of them all. AGAC has recovered more than three million dollars for its members since the collection plan began in 1956. Duke Ellington has received \$14,000. Sammy Cahn and Jimmy Van Heusen, whose business manager once opposed the plan, have collected royalties from publishers with whom they didn't even know they had songs.



HE PROTECTS POP WRITERS: "More and more young writers of rock, pop, folk electronic and country music are entering the music and record business," says Burton Lane. "But many do not know how to protect their creativity." Burton Lane, composer of "Finian's Rainbow" and "On A Clear Day You Can See Forever," both being made into Hollywood films, is president of the American Guild of Authors and Composers (AGAC). More than 2300 writers belong to it including Richard Rodgers (Broadway musical theatre), Bob Dylan, (Folk music), John Lewis (Jazz), Vic Mizzy (TV), Henry Mancini (Film scores). AGAC, 50 West 57th Street, New York, welcomes inquiries by young writers.

Not all the money recovered was the result of crookedness. More often it was due to misinterpretation of a contract, carelessness, an inability of the publisher to locate the songwriter or delinquency.

More than two thousand music publishers use the AGAC minimum contract. Many others are open to audit because they have AGAC members.

Burton Lane would like to develop a system that protects the songwriter from himself when necessary. "We have members who, because of pressures, will accept a contract that is less than the AGAC minimum, even though they can ask for it and get it. Some writers are so fearful that a publisher won't take his song that they give in too easily.

"I would love to have a writer go to a publisher, play the song, have the publisher say, 'I'll take it' and have the writer reply, 'Don't talk contracts with me, go to AGAC.'

"The writer's responsibility should be to write a song, place it and then walk away. I'd like AGAC to make the deal for the writer. We've never use any power to intimidate publishers. Disputes are open to arbitration."

AGAC has a renewal service which notifies its members a year before their copyright on a song is due to be renewed. If the writer doesn't renew, the song will go into the public domain, which allows anyone to use it without paying him any royalties.

It may not seem important to a young writer that he keep his renewal rights, but it can be like having a hit all over again without writing a new song.

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To join AGAC, all you have to do is fill out an application. You can obtain one by writing AGAC, 50 West 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019. There's a \$20 initiation fee, but AGAC, realizing that even such a modest sum may be too much for a struggling songwriter, will protect him under a join-now-and-pay-later plan. Yearly dues are very low.

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PAUL KANTNER

I love the Stones' song, "We Love You." I always turn the radio up when that's on and just march along. I don't think it has anything to do with the Beatles' song, "All You Need Is Love." The Beatles and the Stones are just there to be appreciated. One group is not better than the other. There's no competitive thing there. I enjoy them equally as well. The Stones' songs are like a tractor rolling over everything. I thought "Sgt. Pepper" was fantastic, but who doesn't? I never really got hung up buying records. I just appreciate things at the moment.



JACK CASADY

I have about 500 albums and I try to keep just about every type of music. That's all I'll say to anybody. Just get hold of every type of music.

Like, I'll find albums that I've had for five years that appealed to me, but I couldn't really understand musically, until now. I find new things every time I listen to them. I can listen to one piece from different points of view.



MARTY BALIN

First of all, listening to records is not where it's at. You've got to see someone in person to really know what they're doing.

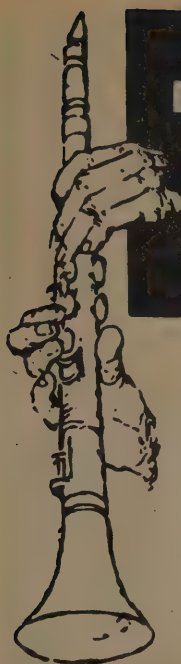
Jack has an extensive record library and he turned me on to a lot of music I'd never listened to before. He had it around and I'd just go in and start playing it.

One of my favorites in jazz is Gil Evans. I was really knocked out of my mind when I heard the individualism in his albums. I've just been turned on to Eric Dolphy. He's really phenomenal.

In rock I like the Stones and the Beatles—mostly all the things they do. I find a lot in all their things.

I like some of Donovan's things. I don't care for his jazz things too much.

I like Dylan very much. He opened the way for lyrics. I think Dylan is the best vocalist around. In my opinion, a singer's job is to interpret a song, to convey a feeling and to make people feel what he says. There have been great singers who can express a song—Crosby, Sinatra, Ray Charles—but Dylan can sing a song better. He has a way of expressing lyrics. Dylan sounds raw. To me that's very beautiful. □



T empo

By Don Paulsen



Rufus Thomas, a lively 50-year-old singer and disc jockey on WDIA in Memphis, is one of the very earliest Stax Records artists and the father of singer Carla Thomas. He also introduced the nation's teenagers to a dance fad in the early 1960's, The Dog.

Rufus first became active in the musical field when he performed as a comic in shows at Booker T. Washington High School in Memphis at the age of fourteen, under the direction of Nat D. Williams, now a DJ at WDIA. His professional career was given a start when Georgia Dixon, a well-known blues singer in the Memphis area, heard him sing and offered him a spot in her show.

During the 1930's he appeared in slapstick minstrel shows, where he wrote his own material. He worked in nightclubs as a comic and a tap dancer.

One night at an Elk's Club where he'd been hired as a comic, Rufus found out that the club's regular vocalist had left to join an all-girl band. "I just stepped in and tried singing." From then on, he con-

centrated on singing.

He later became a discjockey on WDIA, the first all-Negro radio station. While he was appearing in a Memphis Theatre he got a one-hour radio show on Saturday. When one of the station's disc jockeys, a fellow named B.B. King, took off to become a world-famous blues singer and guitar player, Rufus stepped into his time slot.

He plays contemporary rhythm and blues from noon to two every day on the Rufus Thomas Show. From midnight to 4 a.m., on "Swing Shift," he gets into the old down home, gut-bucket, vintage R&B like Lightnin' Hopkins, B.B. King and Muddy Waters.

On weekends he still continued making personal appearances as a singer. Rufus made his first record in 1952. "Bearcat" sold a hundred copies, which was an impressive amount in those days. In 1960 he went to Satellite Records in Memphis where he recorded "Cause I Love You" with his daughter Carla. When Satellite discovered there was another record company in California with the same name, the owners, Jim Stewart and Mrs. Axton, took the first two letters of their names and came up with STAX. Mrs. Axton still owns the Satellite Record Store in Memphis.

In 1962, when he was forty-five years old, Rufus became a nationwide rock and roll star and created one of the most popular dances of the Post-Twist era, "The Dog."

One night Rufus was performing in Millington, Tennessee, a town fourteen miles from Memphis. As he was singing onstage, he noticed a girl dancing who looked like a dog standing on its hind legs. "She really turned it on. I gave the bass player a different beat. The band picked it up from him. The drummer just stumbled onto the break," Rufus recalls.

"I did twelve bars of 'Do The Dog,' then twelve bars of 'Do The Hound Dog,' then 'Do The Bird Dog' and any other kind of dog we could think of. At the end we all started barking."

The dance became a local favorite and Rufus recorded it. "The Dog" was released as the flip side of a single. The record company was pushing the blues song on the A side, but discjockeys turned the record over and "The Dog" became a hit.

"With people already doing the dance, it was a natural thing," said Rufus. "Everybody went for it."

"The Dog" sold steadily for two years and Rufus later combined two popular dances in one song with "Can Your Monkey Do The Dog?" Other great Rufus Thomas singles include "Walkin' The Dog," "Jump Back," "The World Is Round (But It's Crooked Just The Same)" and "Greasy Spoon."

If you like fried chicken, sweet potato pie, black-eyed peas and corn bread, you'll like Rufus Thomas. □

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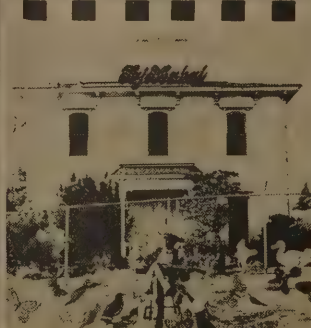
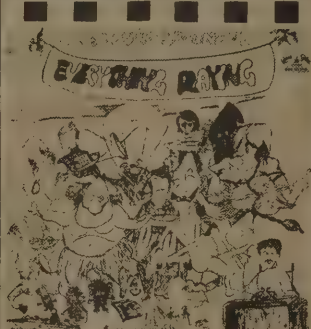
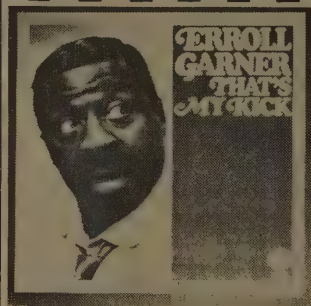
BLUES ON TOP OF BLUES is a welcome addition to the recorded legacy of B.B. King. Those who are King guitar addicts won't like this album because he only plays short introductions and occasional solos. The beauty of this album is in B.B.'s vocals and Johnny Pates' simple, earthy, horn arrangements. This has to be the best album King has done with horns. All twelve tunes are composed by B.B. and show his subtle ghetto wisdom. He does it on "Paying The Cost To Be The Boss," telling his woman to keep in line. "Dance With Me" is an uptempo shuffle with a nice organ and bass and unison horn work. B.B. is still the undisputed king, no matter what blues showcase he chooses. (Bluesway-BLS 6011)

THE NOTORIOUS BYRD BROTHERS may well be the last Byrds' album. Crosby, who added so much here lyrically, is gone and Mike Clark has since been replaced by Hillman's cousin, Kenny Kelly. What's to come is anybody's guess, but this album is excellent, solid Byrds. "Dolphin's Smile" suggests the leaping ocean mammal. It begins with sea-sonic laughter and the music bounces joyfully through the waves. "Tribal Gathering" is in waltz tempo with a jazz feel. "Old John Robertson" is a country tune with a baroque break and suddenly the music weaves back and forth with a splashy jet sound. "I Wasn't Born To Follow" is another good Byrds' country tune with an Indian break. This is more imaginative but not as melodic as "Younger Than Yesterday." Well worth your ears, however. (Columbia CS - 9575)

THAT'S MY KICK will knock your head off. Erroll Garner has been dazzling piano lovers from all areas of music for many years, but this work-out leaves you absolutely breathless. Constant surprises await in each track. He rides a two-handed comical introduction and suddenly gallops into a familiar melody but changes time, then lags, then catches up, then outpaces his percussive left hand. You won't believe what he does to "Shadow Of Your Smile," "It Ain't Necessarily So," "Blue Moon" and "More." Such energy and passion is hard to find these days in jazz, or in any music for that matter, but Garner dishes it out in endless car-loads. He's accompanied by bass, drums, guitar and bongos but easily steals the whole show. This album is a rare musical performance indeed. (MGM SE 4463)

EVERYTHING PLAYING takes a couple of playings to enjoy, because it's hard to admit that the Lovin' Spoonful have left the jugband stuff behind. The most exciting song here is "Six O' Clock" and it's a particular gas in stereo. Jerry Yester obviously has a big say in the handling of material and he's credited as the orchestrator. They're going through a big softening process musically, and Yanovsky himself said he left for that reason. Some of these tunes could have been performed by Gary Lewis or Paul Revere & The Raiders. It's not particularly original. However, "Boredom" is a very good Sebastian song about loneliness on the road. Pleasant listening in general (Kama Sutra KLPS 8061)

TAJ MAHAL says in the liner notes, "We got a pretty tight band here. A son of a Texas sharecropper, a Hungarian Jew, a wild-eyed Irishman and a crazy swamp spade." These guys know their stuff and blend old blues with modern electric splendor. Taj plays harp and his vocals are a little Jimi Hendrix with a dash of Wilson Pickett. He's a hard singer. The band is modern hard, too, and swings magnificently, but somehow retains an old-time country feel. "Leaving Trunk," "Statesboro Blues," "Dust My Broom," "Diving Duck Blues" and "The Celebrated Walking Blues" make this album very worthy of your collection. (Columbia CS 9597)





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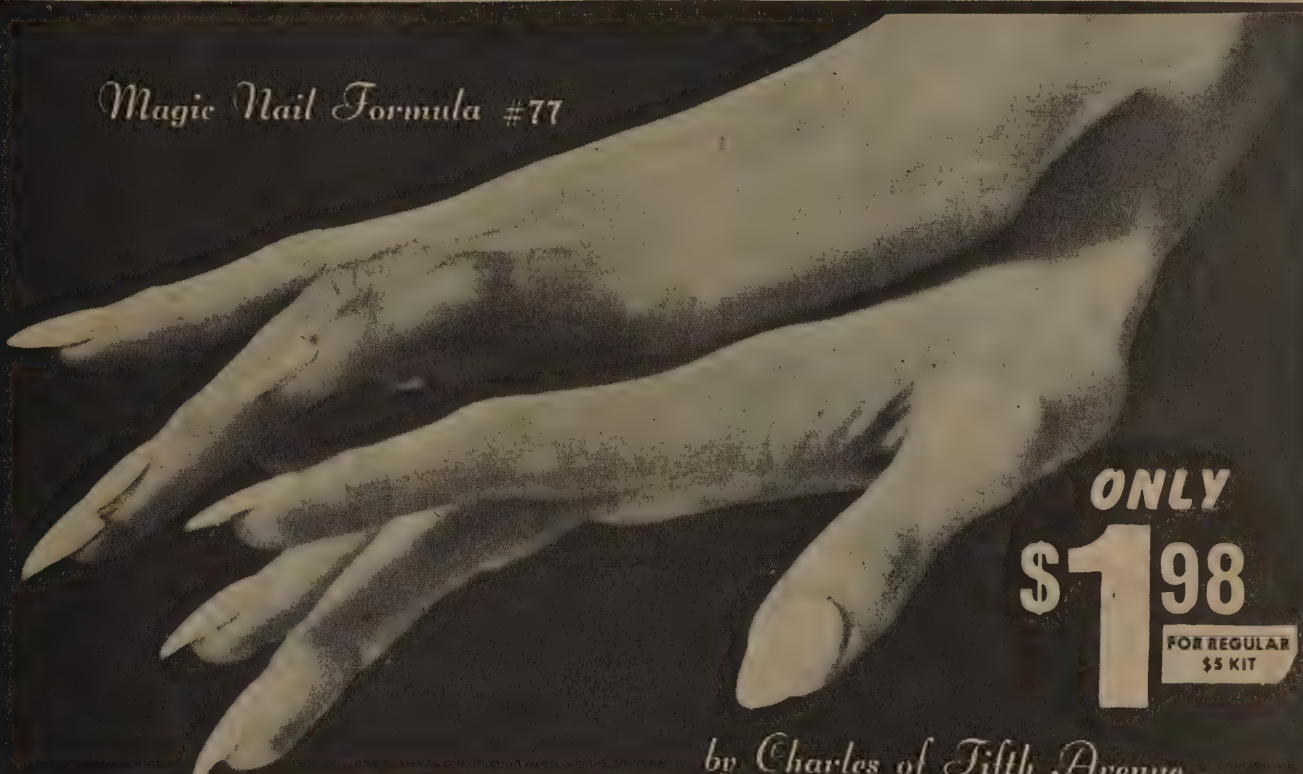
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The Kaleidoscope individually are: Solomon Felthouse, David Perry Lindley, Christopher Darrow, John Vadican, and Maxwell Budha (alias Fenrus Ulf, alias Fenrus Epp). There is no evidence that any of them was actually born - they

just appeared and were discovered very creative.

Solomon was first noticed wandering around the Turkish community of Ismet with a mysterious band of gypsies. The dark-eyed, adventurous boy journeyed to many distant places, winding up in the United States. Here, his roamings took him from Florida to Idaho to Berkeley to Los Angeles and diffusion with the Kaleidoscope. He is tall and thin and spirited and talented. He plays caz, bouzoukee, oud, dobro, tair, rhythm guitar, bass, tablas, and he sings lead.

David Lindley switched places with a tiny baby born into a wealthy home years ago. Being raised by multi-millionaires, the wizard of music reasoned, would allow him more time to develop his fantastic talent. David can play any instrument with strings, and do it with supernatural adeptness.

Little is known about Max Budha except that he was raised around, has bushy, dish-water blond hair, quiet green eyes and likes music more than anything else. This shy and sensitive musician is quite accomplished on the violin, viola, bass organ, harpsichord, piano, harmonica, and occasional bass chores. . . oh, yes, and every once in a while, he can be found singing lead.

Chris Darrow has been around artists for a long time, so it was natural that his abilities be given a chance to develop. And, they did. This artist with a soft manner and expressive blue eyes, paints and writes as well as plays the bass, the mandolin, the violin, the banjo, the autoharp, the harmonica, the clarinet and sing. Chris is also a teacher and a student. He is always busy.

According to the legend, John Vadican was the son of a duke in Romania. While he was still very young, a political enemy assassinated the duke and kidnapped John. Then, after fleeing the country, he found that the little boy was slowing him down and costing him money to support, so he left him on the doorstep of a Hollywood home where he was taken in and raised. The tall, very thin boy knew that something was wrong and took out his frustrations by pounding on the floor.

The Kaleidoscope, on Epic Records, was a lucky accident of nature that one shouldn't try to analyze or figure out but should just sit back and enjoy. □



TAJ MAHAL

Armed with the conviction that traditional country blues has a significant place in our automated, urbanized society, and a talent to communicate that belief to even the most sophisticated

of audiences, Taj Mahal is the herald of an unofficial but rapidly spreading musical movement, a movement whose sole intention is to reach as many people as possible with the sound of authentic country blues. Reminiscent of the old-time country-blues purists, Taj refuses to gloss over or stylize the vital lyrical content which characterizes authentic country-blues music. Instead, his voice is sometimes rough, sometimes gentle, often a laugh, more often a wail.

Taj was born in New York City on May 17, 1942, and was raised in Springfield, Massachusetts. The son of a noted jazz arranger and pianist, Taj studied at the University of Massachusetts, where he received his B.A. in veterinary science. His only formal musical education con-

sisted of "one hard week of piano lessons." The teacher gave up, saying, "He'll never be a musician." On his own Taj mastered not only the piano, but the guitar, harmonica, electric bass, banjo, tambourine, vibes, mandolin and dulcimer as well.

Taj is an admirer of Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters, Wilson Pickett, and especially Otis Redding. His Columbia single, "Let the Good Times Roll" c/w "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate," was released in March, 1967, and his first L.P. bears his name as the title. Taj lives in Santa Monica and admits liking "people, animals, knife guitar, Japanese food, rain, the ocean and rolling fields." His personal ambition: "to buy a farm, settle down and watch things grow." □

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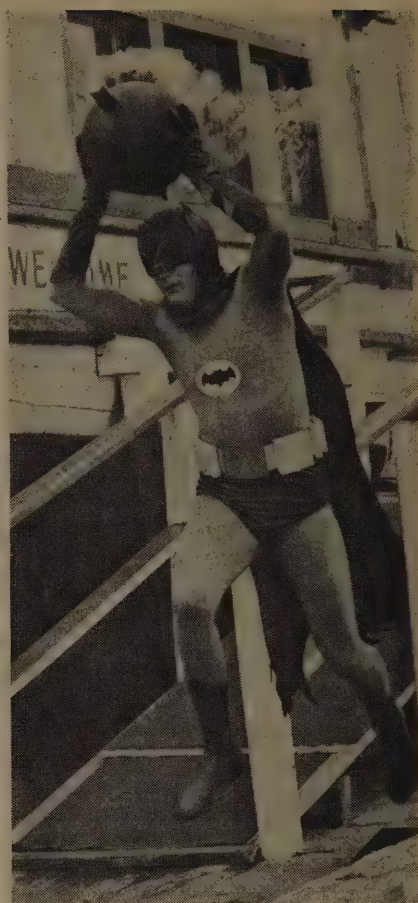
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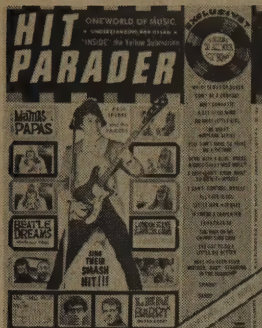
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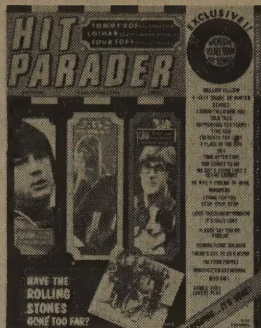
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JANUARY, 1967

Mama's & Papa's,
Bob Dylan
Beatles, Temptations,
Gary Lewis,
Sonny & Cher

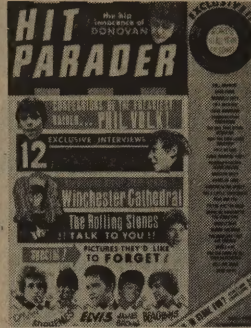
"Dandy"
"Have You Seen Your
Mother, Baby"
"Airplane Strike"
"Little Man"
"Go Away Little Girl"



FEBRUARY, 1967

Rolling Stones,
4 Tops, Lothar,
Beach Boys,
Otis Redding,
Tommy Roe

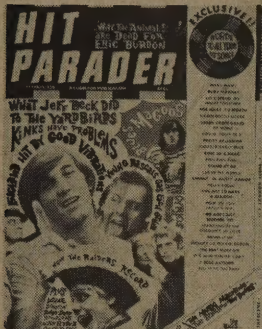
"Mellow Yellow"
"98.6"
"Stop, Stop, Stop"
"Hazy Shade Of Winter"
"Talk Talk"
"I'm Losing You"



MARCH, 1967

12 interviews,
Donovan, Stones,
Ex-Byrd,
Ex-Raider,
Old Photos

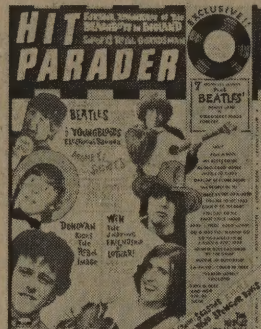
"I'm A Believer"
"Nashville Cats"
"Good Thing"
"Words Of Love"
"Mustang Sally"
"Grizzly Bear"



APRIL, 1967

Young Rascals,
The Cyrkle, Kinks,
Youngbloods,
Wilson Pickett,
Raiders

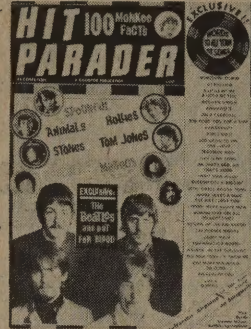
"Ruby Tuesday"
"Kind Of A Drag"
"Green, Green Grass"
"For What It's Worth"
"Snoopy"
"Tell It To The Rain"



MAY, 1967

Beatles Want Out,
Monkees, Donovan,
Royal Guardsmen,
Beach Boys, Who,
Spencer Davis

7 Monkee songs
"Penny Lane"
"Epistle To Dippy"
"Darlin' Be Home Soon"
"Kind Of A Hush"
"Love Is Here"



JUNE, 1967

Hollies, Mothers,
Animals, Rascals,
Jefferson Airplane,
Neil Diamond,
Tom Jones, Beatles

"Bernadette"
"Something Stupid"
"A Little Bit Me"
"59th Street Bridge"
"I Think We're Alone"
"Jimmy Mack"



JULY, 1967

Jeff Beck, Hollies,
Temptations, Cream,
Easy Beats, Monkees,
Spoonful, Joe Tex,
Love, Zappa

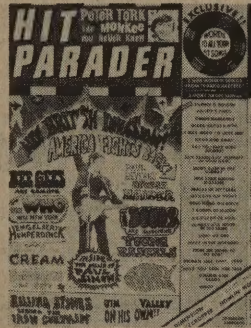
Stones "Buttons" songs
"The Happening"
"Groovin'"
"Somebody To Love"
"Friday On My Mind"
"My Back Pages"



AUGUST, 1967

Jagger On "Buttons",
Turtles, Who,
Donovan, Monkees,
Paul Simon,
Paul Revere

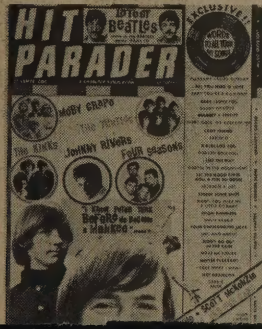
"Six O'Clock"
"Him Or Me"
"Creeque Alley"
"I Got Rhythm"
"Mirage"
"Ain't No Mountain"



SEPTEMBER, 1967

Bee Gees, The Doors,
Moby Grape, Who,
Stax Story, Cream,
Peter Dinklage,
Yardbirds

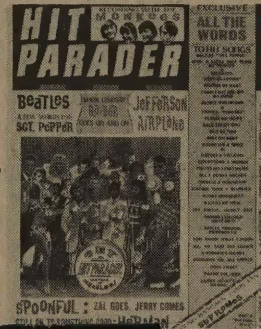
3 "Headquarters" songs
5 "Moby Grape" songs
"C'mon Marianne"
"Tracks Of My Tears"
"Light My Fire"
"Windy"



OCTOBER, 1967

Monkees, 4 Seasons,
Turtles, Kinks,
Beatle Interview,
Who, Scott McKenzie,
Stax Story, Airplane

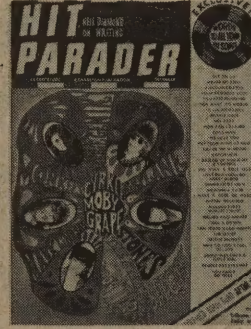
"Pleasant Valley Sunday"
"All You Need Is Love"
"Baby I Love You"
"Fakin' It"
"A Girl Like You"
"White Rabbit"



NOVEMBER, 1967

Recording With
Monkees,
Spoonful, Herman,
Rascals, Supremes,
Janis Ian, Booker T.,
Jefferson Airplane

Beatles' "Sgt. Pepper"
Monkees'
"Headquarters"
Stones' "Flowers"
"Reflections"
"Heroes And Villains"
"Apples, Peaches,
Pumpkin Pie"



DECEMBER, 1967

Roy Orbison's
Rock History,
Neil Diamond, Cyrkle,
Mark Lindsay,
Paul Butterfield,
Stones, Airplane,
Bee Gees, Bobbie Gentry

"Never My Love"
"To Sir With Love"
"How Can I Be Sure"
"Soul Man"
"Dandelion"
"The Letter"

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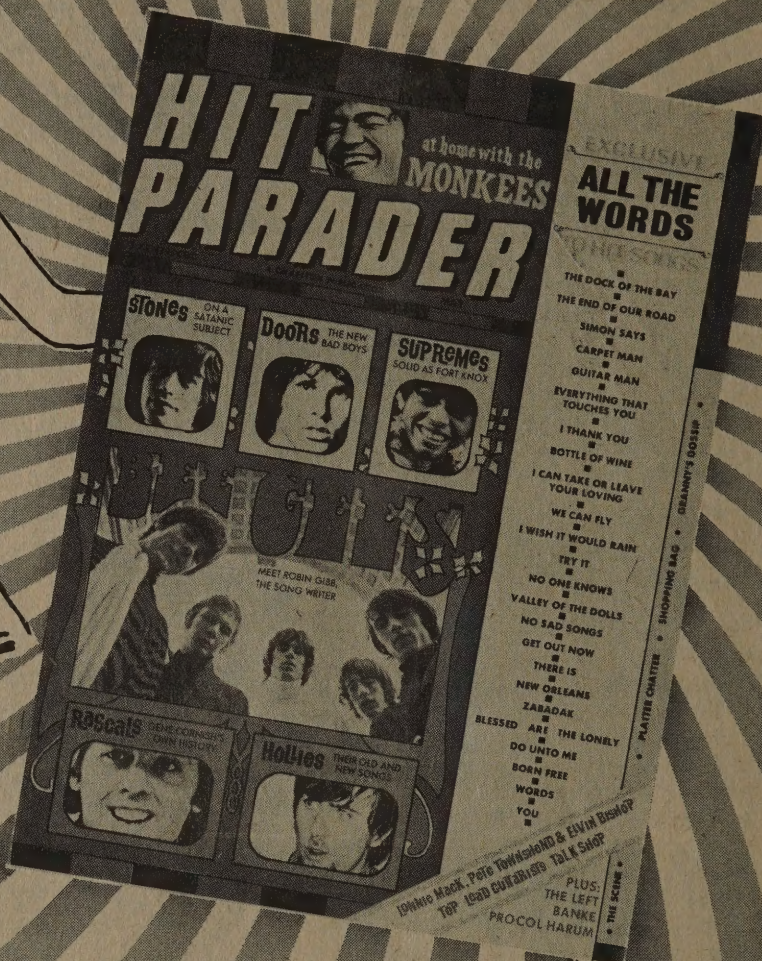
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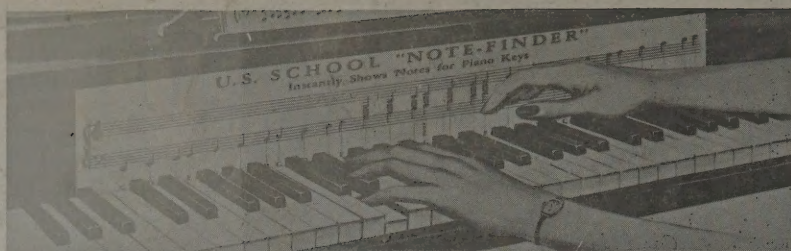
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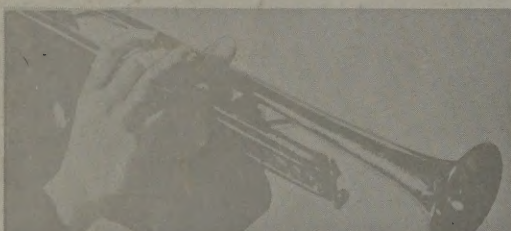
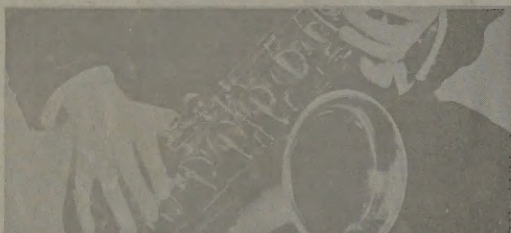
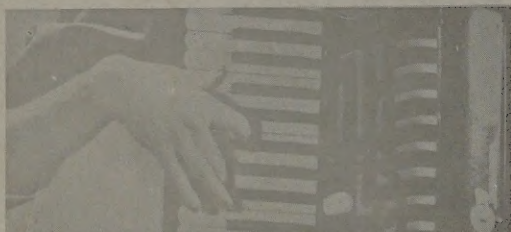
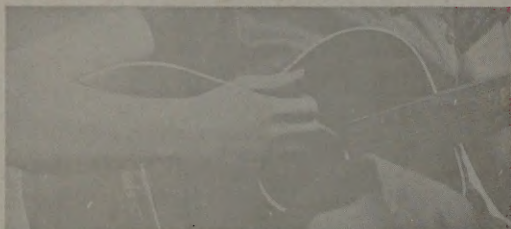
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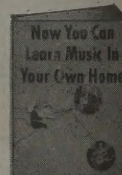
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